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HER SPINNING.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

Her summer spinning had this beginning.
The day was June, and bright with flowers,
The birds sang through the golden hours,
With sunshine sifted at our feet;
The meadow clover was blown all over
With clouds of incense rare and sweet.

Her eyes beguiling. I watched, half-smiling—
Her hair astray from its dusky net,
Tangling a thought like a snare all set;
Her mouth of tenderest, summer grace;
The white hand stirring, the wheel a whirring,
The half-turned, softly-blushing face.

Said I, "Tell whether you spin together,
The silver and gold of blended lives;
The twisted thread where forever thrives,
Hope and faith, and love in one"
Ah, no unsmiling of thy eyes meeting,
I must be answered ere day is done.

I rambled the clover all over and over;
I sat in the shade by a crystal spring,
And pelted a butterfly's turquoise wing,
But a shadowy face stole unaware,
And still shrinking, amid my waiting,
This spinning, I said, is part my share.

The dews were falling, the birds were calling,
The wheel was quiet beside the door;
The purple sunset lay on the floor;
And her snowy thread was done.
My eyes were hidden, nor gloom, nor golden,
Answered if I had lost or won.

From out the shadow, like lark on meadow
Eyes aglow with their grace divine,
Shyly hiding their light from mine,
Till my kisses set her free.
Oh love, this winding, comes of thy spinning
The thread is twisted for thee and me.

A DREAM

—OF—

SPRING.

Translated from the German of Johannes Van Dewall for the SATURDAY EVENING POST.

(This story was commenced in No. 20, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained).

CHAPTER V.

How shall I describe all the trifling occurrences of the following days and weeks which passed so quietly, one like the other; yet all the daily events, so insignificant in themselves, had suddenly grown of deep importance to me; but as a full account of them would be too tiresome for the reader, I shall be as brief as possible:

My interest in Adda had, since that trip to Loschwitz, increased to such a degree that I should have felt alarmed if I had better understood myself. Since that day there had been a certain tacit understanding between us. Adda had often given me sufficient proofs of kind sympathy, but I was wounded and miserable, and her warm heart would have felt and done the same for every sufferer. Since the Loschwitz excursion, however, her demeanor towards me had gained a degree of warmth which was rather unusual to her quiet, equable disposition. She sought my company; she liked to talk with me, while her eyes then often assumed an expression of meditation and sweet revery such as I observed never before.

The indiscreet chat of my little betrothed, now cruelly imprisoned, had roused within me a commotion which increased by further observation of the respective persons. Evidently there was something going on in private; they intended to dispose of Adda in marriage, and mother, as well as aunt, had her decided *protege*. The very thought of seeing Adda bound to one of these men was so painful to me that I suffered continual excitement and torture.

Was it nothing but interest and sympathy for the young girl, or did the symptoms of a growing love interfere?—In short, there was a string in my bosom that vibrated softly, and its sound, being heard by Adda's heart, seemed to find its echo there.

I was thus in quite a peculiar and disagreeable position. Often it occurred to me how most ungrateful and obtrusive it was so cross the well meant intentions of my benefactors, though in opposition to that an obscure feeling told me how inexcusable I would be to let this innocent, confiding girl to be caught in the net without a word of warning to let her blindly make the sacrifice they seemed to demand from her. Should this glorious, blooming life pine away at the side of that old Goldcuncle, that foolish comedian, merely to free her family from the burden of her support, and make her a reliable assistance in her parents' old age?

Where were the eyes of Frau von Ivernois, of her, always so prudent and kind, Adda's second mother? O, I could have hated her for those well-meant intentions. Certainly, I would ten times rather see her married to that youthful old man than his youngest, more pretentious, and at least just as selfish rival, Mr. Howard, that old man of thirty years. Uncle Blunt would put the blooming rose into his button-hole, and show to the whole world the conquest he was still able to make, and would spread himself like a peacock; but the diplomatist would shut her up in a glass case—would repress her and make her gradually a petrifaction like himself. He would destroy her sweet fragrance within the first few days. I really sometimes despised this gentleman. His behavior, in my opinion, was indescribably insipid and unmanly. If he earnestly loved Adda, why not woo her frankly and honestly? why these thousand different scruples and considerations? Did he think himself or his family so high-born that he must hesitate before he stooped to the precious jewel? Why did he hide himself behind the weak-minded mother? Or did insurmountable barriers in fact exist? Why did he not resign her with a quick, energetic resolution, and quit the field?

Adda appeared to me like a young novice glowing in the splendor of youth and vitality, who is being induced to shut herself up in a cloister of her own accord, in order to atone for the sins of others. Day and night I mused upon and racked my brains about it. But even a poor being like that can renounce the world of her own free will; she takes this step in full consciousness of what she is doing; and should this one unforewarned yield to her pliable heart, her

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good nature and the secret persuasion of her relatives and be joined to one of these two men—she, the spring, with the snow, with the glacier? Alas, how soon would she pine away! Poor Adda!

Similar to these were my feelings, but perhaps I least understood what was happening within my heart. My arm had not even healed yet, for now and then small splinters of bone came out of it, and Cupid's arrow had already secretly pierced my heart to its depth.

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"Did I not talk quite foolishly yesterday, Herr Wagner?" I was cordially asked by Adda, while walking with her in the garden on the day after our trip to Loschwitz, and I told just as candidly my opinion, and read her, as I recollect, quite a severe lecture on her light view of marriage. Was that not a nice theme for two young people at our age? Yet Adda's remark continually occurred to me: "But if one could make a wealthy marriage!"

I was eloquent; I spoke like a book on the noble vocation of women, and of many other things of which I knew little or nothing at all; that only like should blend with like, and that heart should win heart. A marriage without love I thought horrible; considered it, in plain terms, a hell on earth; yes, to speak freely, even immoral in the highest degree. I gave her the best instruction in the world; I meant it so well, and indeed she listened so patiently and confidingly, while her mild eyes were looking at me, as if they would implore me to speak forever.

At last I returned to the unpleasant money matter, and demonstrated beyond a doubt that a moderate self-made prosperity was the greatest happiness; that to earn money was a tenfold higher enjoyment than to have money.

Of what use are all the goods of this earth to us if "love and confidence are wanting?" I exclaimed, enthusiastically, and lowering my voice, I added:

"O, do believe, dear Miss Adda; your remark of yesterday cut me to the very heart."

If I was a comedian, I was one unconsciously. "What the heart thinketh the mouth speaketh;" and Adda looked with her dove eyes now at me and then at the points of her shoes. She was all confidence; my words seemed to penetrate her heart, which was a great comfort to me. When I had finished she laid her dimpled little white hand, with its tapering, rosy fingers, upon my arm, at the gentle pressure of which I felt a light electric shock, and said so touchingly and full of feeling.

"Never mind scolding me, Mr. Wagner; I know that I was quite inconsiderate, but pray do not think badly of me, and don't believe that I was in earnest." And could I possibly think badly of her, after the look which accompanied her words? I assured her of my highest estimation, we exchanged many compliments, and finally shook hands with each other. We were but a couple of grown-up, imprudent children; we played with the fire, and began to build a pretty house of coals, but the wind came and blew it down.

I was permitted now to spend hours in the open air, and I sat frequently with Frau von Ivernois, my hostess, in the arbor, where we conversed, or I read aloud. As it happens in life when two people are often and long together, the lady gradually began to put her confidence in me and to communicate to me this and that circumstance of her own life and those of her nearest friends and relations. It was settled that every one should make me his privy counsellor. Thus I learned that Staatsrath Schulz by degrees had lost the greatest part of his fortune in the State's service and that the rest was scarce sufficient to live appropriately to his social standing and to support his two sons at the university. The parents of the Staatsrath had once been very rich, but his mother, a native of South Russia—a Moscow lady of the purest origin—had lived in an exceedingly gay and extravagant manner. She had recklessly thrown her money away, and death had reached her just in time. The Muscovite grandmother was the scape-goat of the whole family Schulz. Every evil came from her, and they never mentioned her without a slight shudder. Frau Von Ivernois's property came almost entirely from her late husband and was to be inherited by his own family. Fraulein and Adda had been brought up and educated by her, but more than this and their dowry she could not give to them.

Frau Heine was called by her a good, sensible woman, who lived happily and contentedly with her husband. She was provided for, but Adda's future troubled her considerably. She was spoiled, understood nothing of housekeeping, was little endowed and could never pursue steadily one occupation, because she found no pleasure in working. Besides she had a mind so gentle and yielding that one could not be angry with her. She could not help it, but would always remain a plant, which needs the fostering hand of an experienced gardener, and a sensible, good marriage would be a blessing for her. Sometimes she spoke of Uncle Blunt, too, that he was such an excellent man, so youthful and fresh in mind and heart and still so vigorous, an old friend of her husband and herself, that he possessed a large fortune, had seen half of the world and could have made the best marriages, if he had cared for them. At another time she asked me if I had noticed that Mr. Howard was remarkably attentive to Adda. I answered in the affirmative, and she proved to me, how, with all esteem for the Secretary, he was in no wise suitable for her niece, how for a thousand reasons he was no desirable match for Adda, that he would make her unhappy, make her his slave, and so forth.

Sometime after, when she saw that Adda put her confidence in me, she really asked me once if I, with my fine tact, would not give a hint to Adda in regard to Howard. I would oblige her deeply and free her from a great deal of care. I promised to act as much as possible in accordance with her wishes; yet my promise was never fulfilled.

Then came the Staatsrathin and opened her oppressed maternal heart to me. I was then she came at last to the point, to her own protege, the excellent Mr. Howard, the Secretary of Legation, the handsome young man, the future lord, and praised him till my brain whirled. She showed me the prospective of a brilliant marriage and the indescribably happy life her daughter would lead at Mr. Howard's side; with a plentiful addition of Ahs! and Ohs! castles, estates, children and grandchildren, till the light tears flowed down her cheeks; and finally she begged me, for God's sake, to explain to Adda how ridiculous her aunt's idea was, that she, Adda, should marry old Blunt, and how the whole world would laugh at her. I should occasionally say a word to the dear girl in Howard's interest. So I found myself on quite dangerous ground, and had to turn this way and that in order not to act against my conviction and yet to give no offence. Besides it happened frequently that Mr. Howard diplomatically tried to find out from me what Adda said and did, and what else occurred in the house, but I was not less cunning than he. By telling him quite unimportant events, I made him believe that I knew nothing about it.

Uncle Blunt pursued quite different tactics. He brought me the most delicious fruits, the finest cigars, the latest news and *bon mots*, but he had the tact never to talk of his plans and wishes. Uncle Blunt was very sly and politic—a true diplomatist, which Mr. Howard was not, but nevertheless, he (the uncle) did not gain his object.

Most openly, though not most delicately, was the whole affair treated by Frau Heine, Adda's sister. She told me freely and repeatedly that it was disgraceful to throw away so young a creature upon such an old fop. They thought because the experiment with her and the Procurator had been successful, and because she lived contentedly with her old husband, the same thing would be just as suitable for Adda. But her husband was a very different man from Uncle Blunt, and she had at least more common sense to sustain her than Adda; such a venturous attempt was in a hundred cases successful perhaps once.

"Do believe me," she continued, "it is a difficult task to remain with discretion and honor, the young wife of an old man; strength of will and character are requisite for that."

"But, my dear Madam," I interrupted her once, "a marriage can only take place between two people, and Adda needs but to say no, if she does not want him."

In consequence of this remark Frau Heine grew extraordinarily warm.

"How can you, as a sensible man, talk in this way?" she went on. "That girl has no will of her own, she can neither say no nor yes, that is just the trouble, she is like wax," and making a gesture with her hand, greatly excited she commenced walking up and down the room.

"And then this affair with Howard," she continued, after a while, "in regard to that I have my special thoughts; that gentleman is still less pleasing to me. My mother's predilection for him is still incomprehensible to me. Such a cold lover—b-r-r-r—they would make life before long a beautiful burden to each other."

"Why so?" I exclaimed, quite surprised, "he would oppress Adda, abuse her kindness, deprive her of all real enjoyment of life, would torment her with jealousy, but that he could have the slightest reason to complain of Adda that seems absolutely impossible to me."

"Dear Mr. Wagner," replied Frau Heine, and looked at me gravely, "you do not know Adda, or have you also looked too deep into her *beaux yeux*?"

I blushed deeply.

"You see it is true, Adda is beautiful and graceful," she continued; "I scarcely know another girl that could bear comparison with her, she is gentle and yielding, and has that certain something which is so fascinating to gentleman; but, believe me, Mr. Wagner, I pity the man who falls in love with Adda, and the deeper and truer his love is, the more miserable he must be. Adda is without depth of character, without passion, incapable of feeling true love. Her softness is partly laziness and indolence; she is like the wave; woe to him who relies on her, who sets his heart and future upon her! She resembles the Moscovite, our grandmother. She has not only inherited her fatal beauty, but also her Russian untrustiness and levity. She is superficial and coquettish, and will be the sport of every unconscionable man and will be ruined if she is not placed under the charge of a stern husband with a strong will, who loves her sufficiently and no more than to treat her well and yet to restrain her."

I was quite beside myself, and had almost fallen out with Frau Heine. What disclosures! How I felt in listening to them! but enough of this.

As I remarked already, my room was then seldom empty. Every one had or wanted something from me—the secrets, the commissions and the thousand small and great affairs, buzzed like a swarm of bees through my mind. I owed it to the outward tranquility which had become habitual to me, and the apparently immovable seriousness I feigned, that I was not wrecked in these dangerous waters.

The villa in Loschvitz had now, through the first payment of three thousand dollars, become my real property, and to do honor to Margot, I had christened it, "Villa Mar-

garetta." I felt not a little proud when the productions of my garden fruits and vegetables were paraded on the table and found approbation, or when Adda placed a bouquet of my roses upon the garden table, and, as a matter of course, my betrothed received her ample share of all the productions of the Villa Margaretta, which Heine carried to her. For all that I was in a fair way to fail seriously in love, in spite of all the warnings of Frau Heine. One could not with impunity be for any length of time the daily companion and friend of such a beautiful, yielding creature. My heart was on fire before I perceived it, and when I discovered the flames it had become too late to extinguish them.

Adda's loveliness and confiding ways began to pain me as much as they had delighted me, and I took earnest counsel with myself when I became aware of it. I had no fortune, no position in life, was not able to support a wife. My love was for the present entirely without prospect, and a declaration of love on my part would have been premature and a breach of confidence towards the mother, and especially toward the aunt of my benefactors. Thus I concluded with heavy heart to resign her for the present, like a man, and to depart before the wound in my heart had become incurable. Unfortunately I delayed.

CHAPTER VI.

And thus came a day when all my good resolutions were cast away, and came to naught; an hour when passion triumphed over good sense and our fate hung by a single thread. In September,—I think the 13th or 15th—was Adda's birthday. They intended to celebrate it in Dresden, and after the morning reception of friends and acquaintances, to set out directly for an excursion into Saxon-Switzerland. My recovery had made such progress, that the doctor allowed me to join the party. I had a presentiment that this birthday would be of particular consequence. There was something in the air, a sultriness, which forboded evil. Adda seemed scared and was seldom visible; Frau von Ivernois appeared quite serious, and the Rathin I saw several times with tears in her eyes. This was the reason why I had postponed my departure.

It was impossible for me to depart just now when Adda might need my assistance. Besides, I wanted to find out if no hope, at least for the future, was left to me. Only Uncle Blunt seemed exactly as usual; acted as if nothing had happened, and as if the whole was of no concern to him. Whereas, Mr. Howard called very rarely now, and when he was there, he spoke and acted like a dreamer; he might almost have excited pity so apparently miserable was he.

The birthday came. Early at eleven o'clock, Uncle Blunt appeared, shaved, powdered, curled and painted; in the whitest linen; close-fitting, sleek leather boots, and glistening with jewelry and smiles. He skipped into the room where the members of the family, with their gifts of flowers and other little presents, were gathered round Adda, the queen of the festival. He congratulated her while giving her a magnificent bouquet, gallantly kissed her hand, and made a bow to all. But now we saw that the uncle held a small, reddish-brown case in his hand. We all observed how pale Adda grew and startled, when he presented to her the costly diamond cross, which the little box had contained, and how she drew back and hesitated to accept it.

"But, uncle!" she exclaimed, and her moist eyes looked perplexed and beseeching, now at him and now at her aunt, while her bosom heaved and fell with emotion. But Aunt Ivernois gave her a very kind, motherly kiss upon the forehead and said:

"Do accept it, Adda; the cross is a present of an exceedingly kind heart. Uncle Blunt is certainly your best friend in the world."

Adda turned pale and trembled, while Frau von Ivernois fastened the sparkling jewels around her neck. It seemed as if she shuddered at the touch of the precious stones, yet, nevertheless, she submitted quietly. Now the uncle smiled very heartily and winningly, and once more kissed Adda's hand.

I rushed out of the room, and could have screamed aloud in the agony of my soul. Something within me was saying: "Fool, why did'st thou stay? O thou poor, confiding girl-heart, now art thou fettered and sold. That cross is the wages of sin; thou wilt have to bear it as long as thou livest; it will crush thee!" Thus my thoughts were raging.

I ran around the garden until I had in some degree composed myself—at least outwardly. Then I returned to the saloon, presented my bouquet and a short poem. Yet while stammering my congratulations, I gazed incessantly at the diamond cross.

Adda thanked me with downcast eyes; she could not meet my look, and the aunt asked me anxiously if I did not feel well, I was so pale; whilst Uncle Blunt embraced the opportunity and filled two glasses with port wine, inviting me to take some. They were all standing there beholding the sacrifice and none stirred. The mother serious, every moment ready to break out into tears, Mr. Howard with his costly Parisian bouquet, resembling rather a ghost than a being of flesh and blood.

Still more and more guests came with flowers, presents and congratulations, till the room was crowded with them.

Poor Adda! Her usual dear, gentle smile had vanished, her eyes looked fixed and dull, and a slight shudder seemed to pass now and then over her whole body. She stood there like a poor frightened bird with drooping wings. The thunder storm had befallen her. For the first time in her life she felt uncertain ground under her feet. They had pulled off her child-shoes and had cast her into the tumult of life. She knew it too well; she trembled, but did not dare to rebel; submissive as a lamb and beautiful as Iphigenia, she bent her neck to the sacrifice.

Powerless I stood there and wrung my hands.

The dinner passed very merrily and noisily. Uncle Blunt was gayer, wittier and more entertaining than ever; he was the youngest among the young, full of attention and courtesies towards every one, he understood how to bring life into the company, and to banish that sad seriousness which oppressed the minds of some; he surpassed himself to-day.

The aunt was very kind and affectionate to the young girl at her side. She made an excellent hostess. Her still beautiful dark eyes glistened so softly with hearty satisfaction—as if she had accomplished a good deed. But Adda remained for all that pale and absent-minded; her eyes stared and she was scarcely able to talk of what was necessary, as if she was afraid every moment of bursting into tears.

However, there were so many invited guests, one's thoughts were occupied in so many different ways, that to a single one among the number, no particular attention was paid. Mr. Howard could look pale—no one observed it; the Rathin could busy herself now and then with the ends of her napkin, the blue spectacles hid her tears and the course of them. And as it often happened in life, that we merely rove through grass and flowers, plucking blossoms and winding garlands without noticing that the feet of another near us are wounded by the thorns and that he almost breaks down with pain, so it was then.

Uncle Blunt continually invited the guests to take wine, and himself drank a great deal of champagne; his face turned gradually to a deeper color, his eyes sparkled in emulation of Adda's diamonds, and he seemed ten years younger than at other times. He made a speech, an excellent model of a birthday speech, graceful, with fine poetical turns and so witty that even from Adda he gained a smile.

"The ogre drinks in courage to slaughter the victim and the aunt will hold it that he may more easily have done with it, *O ciel!*" hissed near me a little snake and Margot's sharp elbow boned into my side, that I should see how Uncle Blunt just now, after he had drunk Adda's health, emptied his glass at one draught.

"For heaven's sake, be still, Margot!"

"Pay attention," she went on undismayed, "now they will draw the net entirely over her head, the poor, silly little fish. I see it struggle already at the glistening bait. O, if she would but disappoint them all!"

"Margot!" I warned, still more firmly, although the little thing expressed but too well my own thoughts. Did not a voice within me speak: O, could I but thwart their designs and counteract their plans; could I but rend the net and free the dove before it is too late!

The birthday cake appeared with its eighteen burning lights—which signified Adda's eighteen years. She blew out the little flames, after the old custom. Then the masterpiece of sugar and macaroon paste was cut and passed from hand to hand; now once more the glasses were emptied, having been hastily touched for the return of many happy years, and down we went, provided with plaids, umbrellas, and travelling bags, to the beach on board the pretty green steamer—forth into Saxon-Switzerland.

The sun shone so warm and bright, the streamers of the vessel fluttered so merrily in the light breeze that ruffled the surface of the stream, all nature wore such a festival aspect, it seemed as if the weather were created for just such a merry excursion, with little baggage and heart free from care.

Lightly the steamboat divided the waves, and already it stopped opposite the brewery of the Waldschlosschen, with its terraces covered with people, from whence a splendid waltz of Strauss sounded. Over the landing gaily-attired crowds thronged to the shore, for this was concert day; the fine weather, the music, the famous beer and the merry company formed a powerful attraction. The forward deck had all at once become empty, and now I first discovered that Frau von Ivernois, Adda and Uncle Blunt were no longer to be seen among our fellow-travellers. Could they have gone below in the cabin, in order perhaps to take a nap after dinner? Bah! with this weather and in this lively company. No, that was not probable. I sauntered forward, but I saw only the Rathin and Madame Heine sitting under a large parasol on a bundle of coiled rope near the bow. They were apparently engaged in earnest conversation, for their heads were very close together and moved quickly. "Now perhaps they are drawing the net over her head down there," something suggested to me, and I was just about to go down, disquiet so tormented me; but when I reached the stairs I changed my mind and strode furiously up and down the deck, casting a look now and then under the fluttering awning. There sat the rest of the company, a whole row of gaily-dressed young ladies, companions and friends of Adda or Margot, enjoying themselves royally with some young gentlemen, who were here the cocks of the walk. No one troubled himself about me, so I stood by the railing alone, smoking my cigar, filled with painful thoughts and ideas, and gazed vacantly at the beautiful landscape.

After a while Herr Procurator Heine, finding that the time hung heavily, and, feeling the need of society, joined me. He pointed out the gilded gondolas as we steamed past the castle of Billlintz, the villa of Herr von Beust, and related to me a long history of the Borsberge. At last he came, according to his custom, by a little turn, to his chief topic, the unfortunate policy of the war, the severity of the conditions of peace, &c. It occurred to me at this that I had not seen the secretary of legation, and I learned upon inquiry that he had not come with us—he had pleaded necessary detention.

Now we arrived at the real wonder of Saxon Switzerland. The banks towered high and steep, still steeper and more picturesque; the confined stream was of a greener, clearer color; it became narrow and deep; it rushed along more quickly—as it were, more vehemently and agitatedly between the walls of red sandstone that bounded it. I stood again alone near the cabin, leaning over the bulwark, gazing into the water, which, lashed by the wheels, threw up white foam, and watched the waves rolling back to the shore behind us over rocks and willow bushes, and had continually but the one tormenting thought—What could I do?

That something was happening was certain. Was it my duty, duty to Adda, to myself, to act now, or did gratitude and reason demand of me to be silent and not to meddle in such a private, such an important family matter? Who gave me the right to interfere with the destiny of others?

After all, did I really know that Adda loved me? And if it were so, was she able to find the strength in her love to act in opposition to her relatives? Should I, in return for all the care and kindness which I had enjoyed in this hospitable house dare to cross the really well-meant and considerate plans of Frau von Ivernois? Ah, the diplomatist had already quitted the field; would it not be more prudent and wise for me to follow his example? But then suddenly I saw Adda standing before me as a bride, in a flowing white robe, with her head bowed in pain, as if the myrtle garland oppressed her, and at at her side old Blunt—and my heart was entirely crushed. I passed my hand hastily across my eyes, to obliterate this hateful phantom, and a voice, drowning all the arguments of reason, cried out, "Fool, bear it no longer—do not give it up; fight; let her not be unhappy—her and yourself!" So I stared down at the foam of the waves, and asked myself irresolutely again and again, "Yes, No? Yes, No?" to the tune of the wheels.

When, after a long interval, I awoke out of my painful reverie, when I looked up, it had happened. There sat Adda by the side of her mother near the bow, with veil lowered, her head bent and averted; and the Rathin seemed without self-control, as drooping as a broken reed. "Great God! is it then too late?" I cried, as if distracted; and tears of scorn, of the keenest grief, rushed into my eyes. Nothing was to be seen of Frau von Ivernois and Mr. Blunt. They were still below in the cabin. But just before it reached Wehlen they all appeared, and we landed.

I saw how Frau von Ivernois cast at the Rathin and Adda a long look, which admonished and entreated them to compose themselves. I saw, in spite of the thick veil, Adda's eyes red with weeping, and I also perceived Uncle Blunt. The latter was today, for the first time, grave and meditative, and it struck me at once how old and wrinkled he really looked if he was not laughing and dancing.

The youthful company pressed hastily and boisterously up the bank, where stood the donkeys with their red saddles, and the little horses with their drivers. They, laughing, disputed and crowded; each wanted to have the animal which pleased him best. This made a merry tumult, many ludicrous scenes and much noise. At last all were seated in the saddle, and the long, parti-colored cavalcade trotted through the cheerful-looking place between hedges and rocks to the defile in the mountains. Behind the village the road turned abruptly downward, and suddenly became so very narrow that we could only ride one behind the other. Then it passed by the sellers of boxes and trifles made of moss and bark, into the cool, dusky ravine to the Wheelen valley, and through the Uttwald valley, in which the sun never touches the moist earth, to the Felsenthor. At the so-called Teufels-kuche we rested an instant. I had dismounted to draw water from the clear, cool well.

"Give me some to drink," entreated a soft voice near me, while the oldest of the guides was relating, with much gesture, his tales and descriptions. I let the crystal stream run into my cup, and handed it to Adda.

As she threw back her veil and raised the cup to her lips, she looked at me with her large, liquid eyes, so wretched, so reproachful, and so unhappy, that I was obliged to turn away that I might not entirely lose my self-command. My bosom heaved and sank, my whole frame trembled, as if shaken by an ague. But we went on again, and Adda took her former place among her companions; we left the labyrinth of rocks behind us, and came upon a broad, sunny, forest road. The contrast was striking and cheering; we breathed more freely here in the sunlight, after the emotions of awe which had been awakened in the dark valley we had just left. For a while interrupted mirth, jests, and railing broke out again; the young people ran, raced, mounted and dismounted to gather flowers and ferns, and rode in little groups, now here, now there, as their fancy or the instant suited them.

I was riding almost alone at last, only the procurator was plodding on behind me. He seemed to consider it beneath his dignity to mount a donkey, and went on foot. At the summit we came to the upper forest, and enjoyed a glorious prospect. In a quarter of an hour we reached the hotel on the Bastel, just as the sun began to hide itself behind the mountains in the west, and, full and bright, looked at us once more in farewell, illuminating and dazzling all with its beams. Immediately afterwards it had disappeared, but the sky above us was still gold and purple, while here the shadows of twilight rose slow and spectre-like out of the valleys and ravines.

As might be expected, there awaited us a supper of delicate trout and roast venison, which had been ordered by telegraph; moreover, the table-music was not wanting this time, although it consisted only of a harp and two violins. Uncle Blunt had thought of everything—had arranged everything. Oh! he was very cunning, the old uncle; so cunning that on this, her birthday, he appeared to care very little for Adda. He left her entirely to her companions, and knew how to manage everything so that she remained the queen of the festival, and all appeared to revolve around her. He was the most subtle and calculating flatterer that one could imagine, and more cunning than all of us. My heart was so troubled and confused; I felt so wretched among them all, that, with my best intentions, I could not appear joyous. I was very much afraid that I had not used sufficient self-control to prevent my face from becoming a traitor; for Frau von Ivernois looked over at me once or twice in a peculiarly grave and anxious manner.

"What is the matter with you to-day, my dear Wagner, do you not feel well?" she asked, sympathizingly.

I took refuge in a little fiction, and remarked that there would probably be a change in the weather, for I had some pain in my arm. How rejoiced I was that my arm gave me a suitable excuse for not dancing after that.

I could thus stand quietly in my corner and look on while the young people frolicked merrily; while the curls flew and the heated faces glowed! while the eyes of the young girls shone, as they revolved untiringly by twos. They were quite happy to be able to dance, and were indifferent who waltzed with them if they only went right swiftly and merrily. Of course Adda danced too; the young gentlemen who honored the festival with their presence especially aimed at her, and never tired inviting her, and paying their court to her in their inexperienced way. But it appeared to me that she talked and danced as if in a dream; that she smiled almost mechanically.

Uncle Blunt's eyes wandered unceasingly to-day; his black eyebrows went up and down with a restlessness which was quite remarkable; he moved continually from one foot to the other, and talked and laughed by fits and starts. Could it be, perhaps, that everything had not gone according to his wishes? Heavens! could Adda have resisted—could she at last have put him off? Could there still be hope? Was not all lost? A bright ray streamed into my heart. I breathed again. I sought Adda with my eyes. But then occurred to me her look a short time before, when she drank from my cup—that sorrowful, hopeless look, which said so clearly: It has happened; why did'st thou not come to rescue me? And I felt more miserable than ever.

At last Uncle Blunt himself roused me out of these gloomy thoughts. He came to ask me to dance opposite him in the next Francaise. My resistance was in vain. Frau von Ivernois put an end to it with the remark that one hand and two small feet sufficed for a contra-dance.

"*Mein Kopf ist schwer, mein arm ist krank,*
Doch Herz und Beine sind gesund!"

hummed the procurator, joining in the conversation, and I found the stanza so appropriate that I engaged his wife for the dance, who, although hesitating at first, afterwards stepped with me into the row. Uncle Blunt placed himself opposite, with Adda, she stood near him with eyes cast down, her hand resting timidly in his, and not once making an attempt to laugh at his witty observations.

Never before had the contrast between these two forced itself upon me so strongly as at this moment. The old gentleman with his outre gestures, with his limbs jerking in the dance, and resembling the angular, involuntary dislocation of a Nuremberg toy, and even slightly approaching the cancan; with his short, brown, velvet jacket and pantaloons, tapering below yet remarkably wide above; with his double watch chain, heavy diamond pin, and many rings and buttons; with his painted face and colored eyebrows—a galvanized ruin. And at his side the pale, lovely girl in her simple, bright dress; with her graceful, rather languid motions, and her beautiful white, hopelessly drooping arms!

The ridiculousness, the unnaturalness, of making one out of these two, was so startling, so revolting, that I could have laughed aloud, had I not been afraid of falling into convulsions; and my look involuntarily sought the eyes of aunt Ivernois, to ask her if she had not yet learned better—if she was really blind, and would take upon herself the heavy responsibility of giving the young, charming creature whom she had brought up, as a wife to the old fool.

But Frau von Ivernois sat and chatted quite innocently with her sister. She did not see my looks—on the contrary, she let her eyes sweep with satisfaction around the little salon, and the merry company, apparently not in the least oppressed by heavy cares, and with a contented expression of face, as if everything here was perfectly arranged. I was in a state of excitement that can with difficulty be described.

I could have rushed upon the old fop with a cry of rage and strangled him to free Adda. All my nerves quivered; I resolved to ascertain the truth, cost what it might, and to act or to depart to-morrow. This determination quieted me.

Sometimes in the various figures of the dance, Adda's hand rested lightly in mine, her bosom heaved and fell, but she did not look up. And now came the finale; the instruments played a quicker tune, the violins shrieked louder and sharper. "Grand chaine!" commanded Uncle Blunt, and immediately afterward, "*tournez!*" A peculiar change passed over Adda's face as the old gentleman with a ridiculous leap skipped to the other side and sang:

"I am Menelaus the good—Menelaus the good."

Then for the first time I saw that Adda's upper lip curled; that a slight expression of aversion played around her at other times so pleasant mouth, and immediately after her full, speaking glance penetrated my heart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TIGER TALES.

It was guest-night at our regimental mess in A——, and conversation ranged over a vast variety of topics. After dinner a few officers, myself for one, left the table and adjourned for a chat to the smoking-room. I chanced to sit near an elderly gentleman who had been my opposite neighbor during dinner, and with whom I had already exchanged a few observations. His manner was courteous and agreeable; he was the guest of the regimental surgeon, who had been in India for several years; and I inferred from the conversation of Mr. Humphrey—for this was the gentleman's name—that he was a Bengalian civilian of long standing, only lately returned from India. He spoke with great approbation of the Prince's pluck and endurance in India, where he and his companions had incurred no inconsiderable risk. Allusion was made by an officer to the incident of a tiger having sprung on the elephant on which the Prince was riding; when His Royal Highness, without apparently the least discomposure at the near vicinity of the savage beast, had taken steady aim from the howdah, and shot the tiger as he clung behind.

"A pretty close shave that must have been for the Prince," observed a young officer who had been listening.

"In such a case the danger is really less than you might suppose," replied Mr. Humphrey. "The tiger rarely makes a second spring when his first has failed of its object; he appears to be disappointed and cowed and if permitted, will generally slink back to the jungle without attempting any further attack. Instances to the contrary are of course known; but this is their usual habit, and I have heard of many marvellous escapes made in consequence of it. Two gentlemen, friends of mine, were travelling together up country some years ago, in a carriage belonging to one of them, drawn by a pair of very good horses, with a native coachman and other servants. A little way from the road was a fine point of view, which one of them had not seen. His companion had been there before, and offered to take him to it. Quitting the carriage, and desiring the servants to remain with it under the trees of a jungle-wood by which they were passing, they walked to the place where the prospect was to be obtained. Having seen all they wished, they returned to the spot where the carriage had been left; but not a trace of it or of any of the servants was to be found. Wondering what could be the cause of their disappearance, they shouted loudly, and strolled in various directions through the wood to look for any signs of them. Presently they were hailed by some one from the branch of a tree high above their heads; and looking up, they perceived one of the native servants cowering close to the trunk, making gestures expreme of extreme terror.

"What are you doing up there? Come down directly," said his master angrily; and with the slavish obedience of the domestic Hindu, the man slid rapidly down, and with pressed palms stood trembling before the two gentlemen.

"What is the meaning of this? Where is the carriage?"

"When you gone, Sahib, tiger came," replied the man, shivering at the very remembrance of his fright—tiger came; jumped at horses; all gone away in jungle."

"That they were all gone away was sufficiently evident—very unpleasantly so, when they discovered by further examination of the servant, that as they were quietly resting under the shade of the trees, the horses suddenly became fidgety and pricked their ears; a slight rustling was heard among some bushes on the opposite side of the road, and in a moment more a large tiger had stolen from among them, paused for an instant, and then made a bound with the intention of alighting on one of the horses. The instinct of self-preservation made the terrified animals dash furiously forward, and the tiger missed his aim and fell harmlessly on the ground. Apparently he was disgusted by his failure, for he tried nothing more; but after one sullen glare at the retreating vehicle, he gave a low angry growl, and turning away from the spot, was soon lost to sight in the long grass of the jungle. One or two of the servants had disapeared with the carriage. This man had run a little way, and then climbed a tree, from which he had not ventured to descend until he heard the voice of his master. Of course, the tiger might still be lurking near, and a fresh attack might not have the same result. So the two gentlemen hailed with satisfaction the return of the runaway carriage and horses, which had been secured after a short run; and all felt extremely thankful that their search for the picturesque had not brought them in contact with an object more striking than agreeable, the black and yellow stripes and gleaming eyes of a hungry Bengal tiger, on the outlook for what it might devour."

"Wonderful escape!" "Extraordinary good luck!" "Shockingly unpleasant position!" we variously exclaimed on the conclusion of Mr. Humphrey's anecdote. "The tiger could not have been in a very ferocious frame of mind, however, I continued, "or he might surely have retrieved his first error, and had a meal off somebody. Your friends must have rejoiced to find themselves well out of the jungle, and under the shelter of a comfortable roof."

"No doubt of it," said Mr. Humphrey, smiling; and yet incidents of that kind soon fade from the memory. I could relate dozens of similar hair-breadth escapes; and most probably my friend Dr. Laurenson could do the same. Tigers and snakes are always unpleasant possibilities when one travels in India; eh! Laurenson?"

The worthy surgeon thus appealed to give a few vigorous whiffs at his cigar, and then removing it from his lips and beginning leisurely to knock off the ashes, he observed: "Well, I daresay I *could* tell you of one or two surprising experiences in that line.—You, sir," he continued, addressing himself to me, "made the remark that those travellers would be glad to find themselves safe and sound beneath the shelter of a roof. I'll tell you of an occasion when your humble servant felt that gratifying sensation in no ordinary degree; not for myself alone, I am bound to say, but for others also, who were in some measure under my protection."

He saw we were all listening attentively: so, resigning himself to the loss of his cigar, he reflected for a moment, and then continued: "Some years ago, while serving with the 300th in Bengal, I had a pretty smart touch of fever; and when able to move, I was invalided for the time, and went to a place on the hills to get up my strength again. The scenery all round was remarkably pretty: high hills, many of them wooded to the very top; romantic crags crowned with brushwood jutting out here and there; and various light bungalows, as the Indian houses are called, peeping from among the foliage, placed there to serve as residences for those who sought the hill station to try to re-establish their failing health. It suited me very well, and I soon began to pick up; indeed I felt so well that I was on the point of returning to my duty, when I received a letter from a young fellow, son of an old friend in England, saying that he was on his way to join his regiment with his bride, and if I could take them in for a few days, they would be very glad to give me a call in passing. Hospitality in India is one of the cardinal virtues; less so now, perhaps, than it used to be; but at that station we were all very hospitable, and besides, I was only too happy to welcome the son of my old friend. In due time Captain and Mrs. Hastings arrived; he a fine, manly young soldier; she the prettiest little creature, of nineteen or twenty, that any man could wish to call his wife: fair hair, lovely blue eyes, and a complexion of lilies and roses, most refreshing to eyes long accustomed to the pale cheeks of Indian beauties.

"This lady sang sweetly to the guitar; and looked perfectly bewitching as she sat in the verandah with a blue ribbon round her neck, playing on the instrument which she had brought up with her. She was a very good artist, too, and sketched cleverly from nature. She had a book of English sketches with her, so I was able to judge of her capabilities; and when she said she should like to take some views of the scenery near my bungalow, I felt only too happy to assist her in doing so, and never dreamt of warning her against any danger more serious than sunstroke. To avoid this she went out on her sketching expeditions either in the early morning before the heat had become troublesome, or in the cool hours of the evening, more generally the latter; her husband always accompanying her, and usually myself too. I certainly knew that in such a locality as this tigers were not an impossibility: but I had never given them a thought. No one had spoken of them as being in the neighborhood; and one generally hears when such unpleasant gentry are about. Not very far from my bungalow there was a very pretty water-fall, surrounded by picturesque rocks and greenery; just the sort of place to delight an artist; and I accordingly proposed to Mrs. Hastings that she should make a sketch of it. She was charmed by the suggestion; and we three set off one lovely evening, as soon as the temperature permitted of our climbing the rather steep winding path that led to the spot. It was a narrow, roughly formed track, and we walked singly, I leading the way, and Captain and Mrs. Hastings behind. Sometimes she paused for a few moments and drew her husband's attention to some wild-flower or similar object, and I had got a little in advance, and came to a point in the road where it turned sharply round some rocks, not a great way from the cascade, the murmur of whose water I could now hear distinctly. Here I halted to recover breath, and to let them come up with me; when suddenly, in the perfect stillness of the evening, I heard a slight rustling and crackling among the bushes just beyond the rocks; and glancing round to ascertain the cause, I saw what made every nerve in my body quiver violently, and seemed to bring my very heart into my mouth, as the saying is.

"At this juncture a huge Bengal tiger, one of the largest I had ever seen, emerged from among the shrubs not forty paces from me, and with a swinging deliberate movement began to cross an open space bordering the path that led towards the water-fall. I neither moved nor spoke, but gazed with stupefied horror at the savage beast, unable for the moment to decide on any plan of action. The tiger immediately perceived me and stopped; for one or two seconds only, though they seemed an age to me, I do assure you, we stared fixedly at each other, when, to my unutterable relief, he lazily half-closed his fierce yellow eyes once or twice, gave a slight wave to his tail—I think I see him now!—and without taking any further notice of me, went slowly off in the direction of the water-fall. Doubtless, the creature was on his way thither to slake his thrist, an object which was probably for the time of paramount importance with him. He had also probably lately dined, to which fact might chiefly be attributed his indifference to food so very close at hand as myself. As he disappeared from sight my assurance returned to me; and knowing that he was only a little way off, and might think better of it at any moment, and spring upon us unexpectedly, I felt most anxious to get my young friends and myself out of his immediate neighborhood with the least possible delay. They had now reached the spot where I stood; and while Mrs. Hastings stopped again and began to fan herself, for the evening was very sultry, I allected to show her husband something on the rock beside me, and whispered to him hurriedly: "For any sake, get her home! Make some excuse; but get her back as quickly as you can!"

"He glanced at me—saw by the expression of my face that something was wrong—and turning at once to his wife, who was unconsciously fanning herself with her eyes closed, he said hastily: "Eva, my darling, I am not well; I should like to go back at once. Come quickly."

"She opened her blue eyes very wide, and looked first at him, then at me. My face must have betrayed me, for she said very quietly: "What is it? Fred is not ill. You have seen something. I am quite ready; let us go at once."

"Courageous little woman! Not another word did she utter; but with white face and set lips she walked firmly and rapidly down the path we had just mounted. Her husband kept close to her; I followed them a few steps behind, my ears strained to the utmost for any rustle that should betray the neighborhood of the tiger; and more than once my heart gave a bound as one of us stepped on a rotten twig and it cracked noisily across, or a stone touched by the foot rolled down in front of us and loosened a little of the dry soil.' We walked fast and in perfect silence; but the way home seemed twice the length it had done when we came: minutes feel like hours in such circumstances. We saw nothing more of the tiger, and reached home safely. When I saw the lovely brave girl and her young husband again under my roof, and realised the frightful danger to which they had been exposed, I must say I was indeed truly thankful for their escape and my own. Mrs. Hastings was rather pale and nervous, for the remainder of the evening, and willingly acceded to my request that there might be no more sketching expeditions while they were with me. The wisdom of this resolve became more manifest, and our miraculous preservation all the more striking, in a day or two. A poor woman and her child were killed by the monster the very next day, and a native postman a day or two later; and it was evident that the tiger was a new-comer, and a very undesirable acquisition to the neighborhood. A party of sportsmen was formed, therefore, as speedily as possible, Captain Hastings remaining longer than he intended in order to join it; and after several hours of close tracking and beating, the tiger took refuge in a clump of bushes, from which he was speedily dislodged, and stretched on the ground with a bullet through his head. He was an enormous brute, measuring fully nine feet from his snout to the tip of his tail. Being very beautifully marked, his skin was taken off and presented to Mrs. Hastings by the man who shot him, as a souvenir of her dangerous evening walk."

Some further conversation and one or two other anecdotes followed. It was now getting late, and some of the guests glanced at their watches. "Before we finish this discussion, I must tell you a tiger story myself," said Colonel Darley, the commanding officer of the 188th. "It is rather different from those we have heard, but I daresay it will amuse some of the youngsters. A good many years ago I served in the same regiment with a young fellow of the name of Waldron. He was a pleasant sort of fellow in his way, but rather inclined to be extravagant; and he was a little eccentric and queer; had "a bee in his bonnet," as our friends across the border would say. He was continually picking up odd pets of various kinds, more like a school-boy than a full-grown man; and we were always laughing at him about his collection of birds and animals, owls, white mice, squirrels, a fox, monkeys, and so on. But he took it all very good-naturedly, and went on adding to his menagerie, as we termed it, whenever he came across any specimen that hit his fancy. One morning our colonel was writing in his business-room, when a knock came to the door, and on his desiring whoever it was to enter, Mr. Waldron walked in.

"I beg your pardon, sir; I am perhaps interrupting you."

"Not at all, not at all," replied the colonel. "Did you wish to speak to me about anything?"

"Well, sir," said Mr. Waldron, in a slightly hesitating manner, "I have just come across a nice little tiger; but I thought before bringing him here I ought to see whether you have any objections to my keeping one."

"Objections," Mr. Waldron; not I," replied the colonel, who, as it happened, had just been writing about a butler or manservant for his sister, and never doubted that the "tiger" his subaltern spoke of was a small boy for going errands, or some such occupation. "I have no right to interfere with matters of this kind. Unless, of course," he added, suddenly remembering the young officer was said to be rather extravagant; "I conclude you are quite able to afford the expense?"

"Oh! certainly," said Mr. Waldron, smiling; "that will be a mere trifle, nothing to mention."

"Well, I should suppose so," said the colonel.

"Very good, sir: you don't mind it at all. That's all right. I only thought I'd better ask you. Good morning, sir."

"Good morning," replied the colonel; and as the door closed behind his officer, the colonel resumed his pen, half thinking to himself as he did so: "Odd young fellow, that; I wonder why he fancied I might not like his tiger." But he understood Mr. Waldron's scruples, and admitted their propriety most unhesitatingly, a few hours afterwards.

"Evening came, and with it the mess hour. We were all assembled, and about half-way through dinner, when suddenly a terrific uproar arose outside in the barrack-yard. Wild cries and shouts, the screams of women and children, and the noise of horses madly tearing about the yard, caused us all to rush from the table to find out the cause of the unusual disturbance. We found everything in confusion—all the horses loose, galloping about in frantic terror; and as several people spoke at once and very excitedly, it was not easy at first to ascertain what had happened. The colonel's voice restored comparative order. "What is it? What is the meaning of all this?" he sternly demanded.

"It's the tiger, sir! the tiger!"

"The tiger!" repeated the colonel in amazement. "What tiger?"

"Mr. Waldron's tiger, sir; it's just come. We put it in beside the horses, in a spare stall; and it frightened them, sir, very badly, and they all broke loose."

"A tiger among the horses!" reiterated the colonel. "What can the fellow mean?" Then observing the figure of Mr. Waldron disappearing in the direction of the stables, a light seemed to dawn upon him, and he stamped his foot with vigor, and gave vent to his feelings in some rather strong expressions, which I shall not repeat here. In another moment he was roaring with laughter, in which we all joined, though with but a partial comprehension of the cause of his merriment. However, it was all quickly explained. Mr. Waldron had been fascinated by the attractions of a young tiger-cub; and strongly wished to become its possessor; but feeling it to be rather a peculiar pet, he thought he had better obtain permission to keep it before entering on the purchase.

"He never dreamt of mystifying the colonel, and had no idea his object was misunderstood. The cub duly arrived—a well-grown young animal, and, for the time being, was consigned to a spare stall, to the unrestrainable terror of the horses, who smelt the tiger and became excited, and when he began to growl, dashed violently about, burst their fastenings, and got out into the yard, where they made the commotion that had disturbed us. The tiger was speedily removed, order again restored, and Mr. Waldron was requested to confine his acquisitions for the future to less alarming kinds of animals. For many a day, however, "Waldron's tiger" was a standing joke in the regiment, the colonel enjoying the story as much as any one. "No more tigers here, my dear fellows; we'll take lions instead—when in action."

THE POWER OF LOVE.

BY THOMAS ROBERTS.

"We lived a day as we were wont to live,
And nature had a garb of glory on."
Shelley.

'Twas sweet by silvery Severn's side,
In summer's early morning,
To watch its crystal waters glide,
The sun its waves adorning!
The flowers on the bank that grew,
I plucked of them the rarest.
Their purple bells filled up with dew,
I gave them to my dearest!

Pure as the dew within each bell
Was the love which then I bore her;
My language would not let me tell
How fondly I adored her!
The earth with naught but beauty teemed,
The birds joined in the chorus;
For love upon us both had beamed,
And thrown its glamour o'er us!

All nature then her charms display'd,
Which made the pleasure dearer,
Our arms around each other laid,
We still kept clinging nearer.
The skies about our heads so blue,
The flowers strewn between us—
Love gave the flowers a fairer hue,
The earth a brighter greenness!

For love can make all things look gay,
With all its soft caressings;
It sheds o'er life a brighter ray,
And turns our cares to blessings.
If love reigned on the earth supreme,
Without a false disguise,
'Twould make the world in beauty seem,
Another paradise!

A STRANGE MYSTERY, OR THE MACKERELS OF MEMPHIS

BY DR. WM. E. FAHY.

CHAPTER IV.

A CONSULTATION.

A queer looking place, indeed, is the *Sanctum Sanctorum* of a Detective Bureau. Here the Chief, or Chiefs, receive intelligence of the progress of the unravelment of some criminal mystery from their subordinates, and here are issued those mysterious mandates which, on their fulfilment, strike a thrill of quivering horror and anguish to the callous heart of some monster in crime. It is the "Star Chamber" of the goddess Nemesis. Our little private office was unique in its way. Both Ferritt and myself were great gatherers of all the curiosities of crime. That curious looking instrument up yonder over the mantle-piece is a "jimmy" that once belonged to the famous burglar, Bristol Bill; the strange looking frame it is set in is composed of "handy billy's" and "nips," the latter named ingenious instrument being used by sneak thieves, to open a locked door from the outside, by inserting them into the key-hole and catching the end of the key, turning it deftly and noiselessly, thus opening the door. On the right is a strange looking key, with many ward places, and to its ring is attached a curious looking device, with many angular arms, and a looking glass—a small oval glass not larger than half a dollar. This ingeniously constructed piece of mechanism was found in the cell of a notorious burglar who, by its means, unlocked the cell of his dungeon *from the inside*, and escaped from the cell building by picking the various locks which came between him and much-coveted liberty, only to be shot and killed by the night-guard as he was scaling the outer walls.

Chains, handcuffs, bludgeons, shackles, wrist-grips, and all the strange paraphernalia used in binding and controlling the fierce tigers of crime, were in profusion on the walls of our little parlor, and here and there, from the midst of some mystical devices used in the profession of thieves and murderers, glared the fierce, cunning, treacherous glance of some murderous villain who, after the photographer had transferred his passion-lined lineaments to the plate, had groaned forth his crime-laden spirit beneath the "trap" of the gallows tree.

Before a large green baize-covered table strewn with documents of all kinds, sat two men in earnest conversation. By their knitted brows and far seeing glances, you might easily know they were trying to unravel some knotty question that puzzled them sorely.

"I give it up, Bartmoon, I give it up!" said one who was no other than V——, the keen Memphis detective, as he glanced in serio-comic manner at the other who, as the reader knows now, was myself, Maurice, Edwin Bartmoon. I laughed at the lugubrious countenance of my mystified confrere, and replied,

"Tut—tut—friend V——, never give it up; it is a strange mystery truly, but stranger ones than this have been made plain as noon-day sun, as you well know.

But how are we to reconcile the strange fact of one man being in two places at the same time in Memphis, on the same day, and yet the legal proof is absolute that such was the case. It's a puzzler, sure."

I laughed.

"Pooh! pooh! V—— I answered when my cachinatory explosion was over, "this duality of Woodson is really the only thing through which I see clearly.

Eh—how?" queried V——, excitedly.

"Why, my dear fellow," I replied, the Woodson who was at Cairo was *not* Woodson the presumed murderer, but his counterfeit resemblance.

"How about the photographs? Here they are—the one taken in Cairo on the 17th day of August, 1853, and the other in Memphis, on the same day, same month, same year. There can be no possible mistake about *that*," and V—— picked up from the table before which we were seated two cases and, opening them successively disclosed the likeness of a very handsome young man—I say the likeness, in the singular number, for it was plain and palpable that both miniatures were from *one* person. The features were identical. The clothing was identical. The large seal ring on the third finger of the left hand was the same—the turn of the cravat precisely alike in each—and a small transverse scar over the right temple as distinct in one as in the other. And yet these two photographs, or rather gems, were, as my confrere said, taken on the same day, and nearly the same hour, by two different artists, whose studios were several hundred miles apart. No wonder he was puzzled, I was myself, sorely so, until after two nights of intense reflection, I unravelled the mystery. There was but one thing puzzled me—the scar.

"Well, Bartmoon," said V——," rising, "I must be off; the boat leaves for Memphis at four o'clock, and it is now twenty minutes past three. Good bye, old boy, I wish you luck in untangling this gordian knot of crime. For myself, it is beyond me. Come down, soon, and if I can do anything to aid you, rely upon me. Adieu." And V—— left my sanctum in the quick, brisk manner peculiar to himself alone.

And now, ere my readers become as mystified as my friend, the detective from Tennessee, I will, by a retrospective glance, look at my strange story, try and enlighten him a little, leaving the full clearing up of this "tangled web of crime" to the grand denouement.

This is the *story* of Julian Woodson, as told me on the morning succeeding the one he applied at my office to secure my services.

He was one of three brothers, George Francis, Julian, and Felix Woodson. George and Felix were twins,

"Two brothers, so like in form, feature, and dress,
That to say which was which was a puzzling guess."

Felix, when only five years old, had been stolen by a French music teacher, by name Garston Moray, to avenge a horsewhipping given him by the elder Woodson, a wealthy merchant in C——, for a fancied insult to his wife.

The rascally music teacher and the stolen child were never heard from again. Fifteen years had sounded their strokes on Time's great horologue since that event. The parents had died of broken hearts and Julian and George Francis were the sole survivors of the family. The fortune of the father, which was large, had on his demise, been equally divided between his sons, and both had gone into the commission business in C——, and were prospering rapidly. George, however, was wild, dissipated, and erratic, and the brothers, after a bitter quarrel dissolved partnership, Julian paying George cash to the amount of five thousand dollars and a check on a banking firm in Cairo, Illinois, for twenty thousand more. This being all he could do without injuring the cash basis of his house, and still owing George fifteen thousand dollars he gave him his note, payable in two years with ten per cent for the balance. The whole amount of George's share being $40,000.

This transaction happened on the first day of August, 1853. George departed for the Sunny South, to purchase as he said, a plantation; and Julian heard no more of him until the 20th day of September, when he received an acknowledgement of the draft from his brother at Cairo, accompanied by a photograph taken by an artist in that city, as the back of the case testified on the 17th day of the same month.

On the 10th of October he received a letter from the Chief of Police of Memphis, that a man calling himself George Francis Woodson had been arrested, tried and sentenced for life, for a murder committed on the night of the 17th of August, 1853, said murderer claiming to be the brother of Julian Woodson, commission merchant, of C——.

As Julian was thoroughly satisfied in his own mind, that on the day named his brother George was in Cairo, Illinois, and as furthermore, he was in possession of several letters from his brother in Louisiana since that date, said letters stating that he had purchased a plantation, married, and settled down for life, he therefore wrote back to the Chief of Police that the man calling himself George Francis Woodson was an imp**tor!

He heard no more of the matter, but occasionally received letters from his brother in Louisiana, and several from his brother's wife, who signed her name Julie De Verneux Woodson, every letter breathing tokens of brotherly love and affection. Once, and once only, he received a letter dated Nashville Penitentiary, Tennessee, from the murderer who claimed to be his brother, he read it half way through, and feeling sure that the wretched murderer was a vile impostor, he pitched it in the fire and returned no answer.

Now comes the strangest part of this strange history. One week before his call upon me a lovely lady dressed in deep mourning, presented herself at his home claiming to be the widow of George Francis Woodson. She was in possession of all his papers, and the day before his call at my office had presented the note for $15,000 which he had given his brother requesting payment for the same, as her husband had died insolvent, and she wished to be able to maintain herself and not be a dependent on his bounty.

It was his intention to have paid the note on the following morning had not an accidental circumstance prevented him by arousing his suspicions.

It was simply this—previous to retiring for the night he had occasion to go to his library to look over some papers which he had laid away in one of the drawers of his *escritoire*. In looking for them his hand mechanically dropped on the case containing the likeness of his brother. He opened it and gazed mournfully on the life-like features. Julian Woodson was of an affectionate disposition, and was sorry at heart for the quarrel between himself and the supposed dead George, for he did not in the least doubt the statement of his brother's widow regarding his death. With a sigh he was about to restore it to the *escritoire*, when, by accident, it dropped to the floor, and the likeness fell from its frame. He picked the likeness up, and while restoring it to its proper position his eye was attracted by the card of the artist on the inside of the frame. He read it in wonder, for it clearly showed that there was a strange discrepancy between it and another which he had laid aside on the mantelpiece of his private chamber. The one he held now in his hand was the one given him by his sister-in-law, and was evidently taken in the city of Memphis on the 17th of August, 1853, for so the card of the photographer clearly proved, while the one he received from his brother in Cairo bore exactly the same date. Here was the mysterious discrepancy. How could his brother have had his likeness taken at two places, hundreds of miles apart, on the same day.

He was sorely puzzled, and the more he reflected the more certain he was that there was something wrong. Hence his call upon me on the following morning.

"What do you think of all this, Bartmoon?" he said, after he had related the circumstances already known to the reader.

"I need time for reflection," I replied, "for it is a mysterious case. Call again in the morning, and I will probably be able to enlighten you a little on the matter."

Julian Woodson departed and immediately after he left I proceeded to the office of the C—— "Weekly Thunderer," and critically examined (by permission of the editor) old files of the Memphis papers. I found sufficient information in them to justify me in a course of procedure which I determined to put in practice on the following day.

The next morning, bright and early, Julian Woodson was at my office.

"Well?" he said.

"I am on the trail," I replied.

"Your opinion?" he queried.

"Is this," I answered, "that George Francis Woodson lives, and his reputed wife is either an adventuress or a murderess, may-hap both."

"My God!" exclaimed Julian Woodson, starting back in surprise.

"Then you think——" he was about to resume, when I interrupted him.

"I think, in fact I am sure that your brother, George Francis Woodson, is now an inmate of the penitentiary in Tennessee."

"And—and—an——"

"I know what you would say," I replied, interrupting the bewildered man. The Cairo George Francis Woodson is an impostor, and the paramour of this woman who claims to be your brother's wife."

"Heavens above!" exclaimed Julian Woodson. "A light breaks in upon my mind. I see it all!" and he sank half-fainting on the sofa, in my private sanctum.

CHAPTER V.

"BILL HAYDEN'S DEN."

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Hooray. Give him fits, Bill!"

"Clap the mug on him, Hayden!"

"Straight from the shoulder, by gum!"

"Go it, little un!"

These and a hundred other kindred remarks were caused by a little lively "set to" between myself and the notorious Bill Hayden, of Memphis. And this was what caused it: Kirk Robbinson, the keeper of a neighboring boat, had a bar-keeper by the name of Johnston, a tall, slim, gentlemanly fellow, quiet and peaceable—he had been a thief, had reformed under my admonitions, and was at the present time in my employ as a decoy. I trusted him implicitly, liked him very much, and intended at some future period to place him in a more honorable and less perilous situation. Bill Hayden, himself a notorious thief, and suspected murderer, hated Johnston because he would not enter into some of his rascally schemes for the plunder of visitors (drunken ones) to the river boats, and bully as he was, picked a quarrel with Johnston, and just as I jumped off the "Bulletin No. 2," which carried me from Cairo to Memphis, was getting the better of poor Johnston in a game of fist-cuffs.

"Hello!" I said, as I seized Hayden by the collar, and laid him sprawling on his back on the muddy ground outside his boat.

"Who in thunder are you?" said the irate ruffian, "and what did you interfere for?"

"Simply because you are too heavy a match for that man," I replied.

"He's bigger than you, begorra, and ef it's so you want to take a hammerin' in his place, by the three thieves of Ballinasive, Bill Hayden, of the County Cork, who niver was whipped in his born days, is the very 'bochal' that will give it yez!"

"Try!" I said.

He flew at me like a tiger, but was met by a tremendous blow between the eyes, which laid him cold and lifeless at my feet. I had taken the liberty of using a pair of brass knuckles, which I invariably carried for the especial benefit of such miserable murderous scoundrels.

Amid much growling and villainous threats on the part of the wretched thieves and mackerels who resorted to his boat to spend their stolen gains on his fiery "forty rod" whisky, the prostrate ruffian was lifted from the ground and carried into his boat. I followed, holding in each hand a cocked revolver. I knew my business and the characters I had to deal with.

Firmness and determination always win. The thieves, cowed by my manner, looked on me with respect, and kept a safe distance from the reach of my arm.

Two of the rascals were carrying the insensible Hayden, while the rest crouched away to seats in the bar-room of the boat. A hand was laid upon my shoulder. I turned quickly and beheld V——

Several of the vagabond crowd made a movement toward the door of the boat.

"Stop them," I said to V——, "and bolt the doors!"

It was done in a moment, and five men with silver stars on their right hand breasts, stood before the doors, the vagabond crowd gazing on them in terror and awe.

No wonder, crime is always cowardly in the presence of Justice, and these five stalwart men were her executors.

Detectives work quickly, surely,—and where the villainy is concerned,—mercilessly.

Bill Hayden and his vile gang of Mackerals, thieves and murderers, were in the hands of the inexorable law.

* * * * * * * * *

"Well, Bill, you may as well make a clean breast of it."

"To save myself, I will."

"You know Thoskin?"

"As well as his mammy, be jabbers!"

"And De Verneux and his daughter?"

"Ha! ha! ha! howly mother!"

"Why do you laugh?"

"His dawther! Be the hokey she war no more his dawter than you are."

"How then?"

"She war his par—par—what the divil do ye call it?"

"Paramour!"

"That's it—that's what she was!"

"And Francois De Lisle——"

"Is the son of ould De Verneux, I mane his adopted son; he brought him here to Mimphis from the North, fifteen year agone."

"Are Thoskin's old partners here to-night?"

"Two of them are—one of 'em 'Reddy,' is did and gone—to the divil, I reckon, for he was a hard case, sure and sartin."

"Call them in here!"

"Oh, Jabbers, ye wouldn't——"

"Call them in!"

"Eugene Dailey?"

"Kall Robinson; come in here!"

Two cowering wretches stood before me in the little room containing the bed which held the recumbent form of Bill Hayden, still suffering from the effects of my blow with the "knuckles."

Two officers with polished steel handcuffs stood in the rear of the trembling wretches while V—— sat at a little table near the bed of Hayden, with writing materials before him, ready to take down the evidence of the surprised and terrified Mackerels. And here is the substance of this whole mysterious mesh-work of crime, as given by the confederates of Thoskin, the Mackerel King.

Thoskin, by the order of Julie De Verneux, murdered De Verneux at the foot of Jefferson street, on the night of the 17th of September, 1853.

The knife I held up for their inspection was the same knife with which he committed the horrible deed.

The cross was taken from De Verneux's bleeding body along with a number of other articles—the whole lot bundled up in a red silk handkerchief and given the day after the accomplishment of the deed to Julie De Verneux.

Julie De Verneux had paid Thoskin one thousand dollars cash, with a promise of five hundred dollars a year, and two hundred dollars cash and three hundred a year to each of his confederates, provided they "saw her through."

They had done so—by murder and perjury.

"Well, is that all?" I asked as the trembling ruffians paused in their horrible narrative.

"That's all, Mister. Kin we go now?"

"Oh, yes, certainly; but stop a moment. V—— have you got it all down?"

"All down, Bartmoon."

"Well, boys, you can go, and for fear something might hurt you on your way, I will give you an escort, and, a pair of bracelets each. Handcuff them!"

In an instant their wrists were bound in iron fetters.

"Now, V——," I exclaimed, "as our business for the night is terminated, we will bid adieu for the present to Monsieur Hayden and his "floating palace," and take up our line of March, for the station house. Forward, boys, with your 'birds.'"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE UNGUARDED TONGUE.

BY S. C. J.

Among the sources of social and domestic disquietude, one of the chief is the habit of husband and wives correcting each other in public. I mean that habit of correction which lets no slip of the tongue pass without a reminder, making the corrected party feel cheap, and casting a shadow upon the listners.

At a party, one evening, Charles Lee was telling to a knot of his friends about the wonderful yield in his strawberry bed. He prided himself on that bit of horticultural success.

"We shall gather a hundred quarts of berries from that bed this season," he said, with a flourish.

"Oh, no, Charles," interposed his wife, who had just come up. "If we get fifty quarts we shall do well."

"Why, you have picked as much as fifty quarts already."

"No, no."

"But, Laura, you forget how many are eaten direct from the vines. And, again, when I say a hundred quarts, I mean as we have to buy them with the hulls on."

"Oh, Charles, that strawberry bed is your hobby!"

And the wife laughed.

But the husband did not laugh. He was cut to the quick, and turned away without speaking further.

Now any experienced gardener, overlooking Charles Lee's strawberry-bed through the month of July, would have risked a goodly wager that its yield for the season would overrun a hundred quarts. And Charles had meant to tell only the truth.

"Laura," he said, after they reached their home, "do you know that you made me very unhappy this evening?"

"Unhappy, I?"

"Yes—unhappy, because indignant."

"O, you mean what I said about your strawberry-bed?"

"Yes."

"Well, Charles—now I believe if you were to measure every lot of berries——"

"Stop, Laura, I shall not discuss that. We cannot measure the berries to-night. I only wish to remind you that your habit of correcting me in public is a most disagreeable one to all who hear. It makes me feel unpleasantly, and it perplexes others. And, my dear wife, the habit is growing upon you."

"Really, Charles, one would think, to hear you that I had been doing something awful. What harm can there be, I should like to know?"

"There is a great deal of harm, Laura. The habit is an evil one, and can lead only to evil."

"Evil!"

"Aye, Laura. Of all the evils to be dreaded in social life, an unguarded tongue is one of the most dangerous. I wish you would——"

"Oh, pshaw! I will not listen to your lecture."

"Then, Laura, a greater evil may be yours. I speak now from my heart. If you do not try to restrain——"

Before he could finish the sentence his wife had swept from the room.

Two weeks later Charles Lee and his wife sat one evening in their cosy drawing-room, when Mr. Fuller came in.

He was Laura's father, a genial, large-hearted man, dearly loved by his children.

He owned a large woollen mill, and manufactured a great deal of cloth, most of which was sent to consignees in the east.

He kissed his daughter, and took into his arms and kissed the two little children, and then sat down.

Gradually the smile faded from his face, and an expression of deep concern took its place.

"Charles," said he, "I have received a letter from Claxton and Simonds. I have got to extend their papers. I should have had a remittance from them of two thousand dollars a week ago; and another like remittance will be due next month. They cannot make either of them. It is bad, isn't it?"

"Very bad," said Charles.

"Why don't you push them, as you call it?" demanded Laura. "If they owed me, I think I would know why I didn't have my money."

"Ah, my child," said the old gentleman, smiling, "pushing them might be the worst thing I could do. They are not men to be driven."

"I'd drive them if they owed me and didn't pay! How can you run your mill if you don't get pay for your cloth?"

"That's a sober question, Laura; and there's where the pinch come."

"Well—I'd pinch Claxton and Simonds, I think."

"Let me look at the letter," said Charles.

Mr. Fuller handed it to him, and while he was reading it Laura went away with the children to put them to bed.

"It doesn't seem to be so bad, after all," Charles said, laying the letter upon the table.

"Oh, no," responded Fuller. "If I can only give them time they will come out all right. I know I can rely upon their word. They have sent a heavy consignment of clothing to California, and there's been a hitch in exchanges. As they say, I believe both ventures will turn out remarkably well. In fact, I am rather inclined to be pleased with the prospect—only, I must help them to open those markets."

"My dear man, if my name can be of assistance to you, you may command it."

"It can be of great assistance, Charles. With your name I can get all the money from the bank I shall absolutely require for two months to come."

"And by that time Claxton and Simonds will have heard from their California correspondents?"

"Yes. I have no fear of their ultimate success."

Laura returned at this point, and shortly afterwards her father went out.

On the next day Charles called at Mr. Fuller's counting-room, and the papers were made out for the bank.

A few evenings thereafter there was a party at the house of a friend, where many of the chief business men of the place were present. Charles and his wife were of the number.

In the course of the evening a gentleman approached Charles, and tapped him on the shoulder.

"By the way, Lee, have you heard lately from Claxton & Simonds, of St. Louis?"

There were standing within hearing, several gentlemen, who gathered nearer as they heard the question.

Charles replied in the affirmative.

"And what is their condition?"

"Do you mean financially?"

"Yes."

"Their condition is undoubtedly good."

"Can they meet their maturing obligations?"

"I have perfect confidence in them."

"Oh, Charles!" cried Laura, who had been hanging upon his arm, "how can you say so?"

"Laura!"

"When they wrote to papa only a week ago that they couldn't pay him a cent And you know how dreadfully worried he was. I declare, I don't believe they ever mean to pay a farthing! Didn't poor papa tell me, with his own lips, that he dared not push them?"

Charles Lee was ready to sink from shame and mortification.

Of those gathered to listen were three directors of the principal bank in the town.

He would have stopped his wife's speech, had it been possible; but she rattled on in spite of his imploring look.

"Laura," he said, "you do not understand. Your father has no fears."

"Oh, Charles! When he said, distinctly, that the two thousand dollars now due and the two thousand more in a month, he wouldn't get!"

The bank directors turned away, and so did Charles Lee.

His wife saw that he was very pale, and she thought it was from anger, so she embraced the first opportunity to slip away from him.

On their way home Laura said:

"I suppose you are very much put out, Charles?"

"About what?"

"About what I said concerning Claxton & Simonds."

"I am distressed, Laura, but if you think you did right, I have nothing to say."

"Goodness mercy! Anybody would think I had done something dreadful."

"Don't speak of it now, please. I wish to give you no more lectures. For the present let the matter rest as it is, so far as you and I are concerned."

"But, Charles, you were telling Mr. Burbank that Claxton & Simonds were good."

"I was telling what I firmly believed to be the truth, Laura. You did not hear the whole of your father's disclosure the other evening. He and I both believe Claxton & Simonds to be financially stronger than ever before, but the opening of new and distant markets for their goods has, for the time, absorbed their surplus capital, and thus cramped them. At all events, I have so much faith in their soundness that I have lent my name to carry their paper."

They had reached home at this point, and the conversation was dropped.

On the very next evening Mr. Fuller came in, pale and haggard.

"Papa—what is the matter?" cried Laura, in alarm.

He kissed her, and gently put her aside, and having taken a seat, he said to his son-in-law:

"Charles, I am crushed!"

"Father!"

"The bank won't touch our paper. The directors know that my sole reliance is upon the solvency of Claxton & Simonds, and somebody has told them of the letter I had received from the firm; but the whole truth had not been told to them. They only know that my Eastern consignees are short in their returns four thousand dollas."

"What will you do?"

"What can I do? If I cannot raise two thousand dollars within a week, I must suspend. Oh my soul! this is dreadful! Charles, have you told anybody the substance of that letter?"

"I have not whispered it outside of my own house."

"It is certainly known. Some of the directors have heard of it."

Thus far Laura had listened in silence, and now, gasping and trembling, she sank down at her father's feet, and bowed her head upon his knees.

"Oh, papa, I did it! I am the wicked one! Oh! what can I do? What can I do?"

Her father gathered her up into his arms, and with her head upon his shoulder, she confessed all her fault.

"Oh, papa, I shall die if I have ruined you!"

"Hush, my child! I shall not be ruined. Charles and I will find some way out from the strait. But, surely, this should be a lesson to you."

"It will! it will! Never, never, never, will I do that wrong again!"

Laura's misery, for the time, cast other trouble into the shade, and both her father and her husband tried to be cheerful. But she could find no joy.

A great agony was upon her, and she was to suffer more bitter hours than she had ever suffered before in her life.

On the second evening from that Mr. Fuller entered the cosy drawing-room radiant.

"Hi!—Charles—Laura—I've got good news. Read that!"

And he threw upon the table a bit of paper.

Charles took it up, and found it to be a telegram.

Laura looked over his shoulder, while he read:

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 12, 18—.

TO JOHN FULLER, Wauncook—

California all right! We mail to you, this day, a draft for four thousand dollars. Send next consignment soon as possible. Put on your whole force for manufacturing.

CLAXTON & SIMONDS.

In one week from that time the directors of the Wauncook Bank took off their hats to John Fuller and asked his pardon.

And Laura was happy, not more for the good fortune, which had come to her father, and in which she was sure to share, than for the change in her own life.

She was resolved thenceforth to study the right, and to do it—to set a guard upon her tongue—to be silent when necessary, and to be circumspect always.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

TO KEEP apples fresh a year, use dry sand and dry your barrel, put in a layer of apples and a layer of sand until full, cover tight and keep where they will not freeze.

STOVE LUSTER when mixed with turpentine and applied in the usual manner is blacker, more glossy and enduring than when mixed with any other liquid. Applied to an old rusty stove it will make it look like new.

To make a pretty receptacle for spent matches, break an egg at the end, and empty the shell of its contents. With scissors make the edge even, and crochet a cover for the shell with colors that harmonize with the room in which it will be used. Suspend it from the gas fixtures or lamp, as near at hand as possible.

AN innocent method of destroying cockroaches is to place a bowl or basin containing a little molasses on the floor at night. A bit of wood resting one end on the floor and the other on the edge of the vessel, serves as a bridge to conduct the insects to the sweet deposit. Once in the trap its slippery sides prevent retreat, and thus cockroaches may be caught by thousands.

THE bacon put up in strips, packed in canvass and known as "Breakfast Bacon," is the belly peices of the hog, which are left after the rossting peices or the mess pork is cut off for packing, cured in the usual manner and smoked. The bacon is thin and streaked with lean and fat, and the best of it comes from the Berkshire pigs, which have deep sides, yelding a large proportion of bacon. When home cured, the pickle should have four ounces of sugar to every pound of salt used, and the smoking should be done with hickory brush or corn cobs.

OLD PUTTY may be softened by using a paste of caustic potash, easily prepared by mixing carbonate of potash or soda with equal parts of freshly-burnt quicklime, which has previously been sprinkled with water, so as to cause it to fall into powder. This should be mixed with water to a paste, and spread on the putty to be softened. Where one application is not sufficient, it is repeated. In order to prevent the paste from drying too quickly, it is well to mix it with less water, adding some soft soap instead. By the application of a hot iron the putty becomes so soft that the glass can be removed by the fingers and the putty easily scraped away. All that is required is a block of iron, about 2½ inches by 1½ inches square, flat at the bottom and drawn out for a handle, with a wooden end like a soldering iron. When hot (not red hot) place this iron against the putty or flat on the glass, and pass it slowly round the sides of the square. The heat will so soften the putty that it will come away from the wood without difficulty. Some of it may be so hard as to require a second application of the hot iron, but one experiment will give sufficient instruction to meet all difficulties.

Wonderful Success of

DR. T. FELIX'S GOURAUD'S
"ORIENTAL CREAM,"
OR
MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.
ITS FAME IS RAPIDLY SPREADING OVER THE COUNTRY.

SEE THE AVALANCHE OF TESTIMONIALS SELECTED FROM THOUSANDS, IN ITS PRAISE.

A FRENCH LADY WRITES.

MONS. GOURAUD: 'Tis but an act of justice that I should spontaneously give you my unqualified testimonial of the united efficacy, innocence, and fragrance of your preparation for purifying and cleansing the skin. By its use every pimple and freckle have vanished from my face. You should, mon ami, as it is so sovereign and charming a remedy for scattering all blemishes from our faces, call it le delice des dames. En un mot, je suis enchante de le cosmetique et j'en vous remercie de tout mon cœur.

EMILLE DESMOULINS, Madison avenue.

THE FOLLOWING IS FROM THE EMINENT TRAGEDIENNE, MRS. D. P. BOWERS.

PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn.

DR. GOURAUD: Will you send six bottles of your ORIENTAL CREAM to the above address, not forgetting to be reasonable in price? Yours truly, MRS. D. P. BOWERS.

FROM THE COUNTESS DE BIERSKI, A LEADING SOCIETY LADY.

ROCHESTER, February 18, 1867.

DR. GOURAUD:
DEAR SIR: Please send me two more bottles of your charming ORIENTAL CREAM, by American Express, and oblige,
Yours, respectfully,
COUNTESS DE BIERSKI.

FROM MISS FANNIE STOCKTON, THE PRIMA DONNA OF THE OPERA HOUSE.

BUFFALO, December, 1866.

DR. T. F. GOURAUD: I do not wish to put anything else in contact with my face, so delightful am I with the matchless cosmetic. Please send me ten bottles.

FANNIE STOCKTON.

BANGOR, Maine.

DR. GOURAUD: I have found your CREAM so delicious! It softens and makes the skin so beautiful, it does give me faith in your other preparations. MISS ANNA G***.

ST. LOUIS.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD: The CREAM is the most for the skin; it is excellent.

MRS. E. CURTIN.

BOSTON.

DR. GOURAUD: Your ORIENTAL CREAM is perfectly delicious; it is so cooling and refreshing. MRS. EATON.

FROM EVANS, THE CELEBRATED PERFUMER, OF PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, April 30, 1867.

DR. GOURAUD: I think your CREAM is unquestionably the best thing in this line, for the reason that when a lady once uses it she continues it in preference to anything else. Our customers for it are regular ones. I finds it is retailed by the druggists and fancy stores at two dollars a bottle yet. There is more sold here than you are aware of. What is required to insure a large sale is a liberal amount spent in judicious advertising. Let the ladies know its merits, and especially the price, and if they once try it we secure a regular customer. If I was the owner, I would sell more of it in this city than all the rest of the skin preparations put together.

T. W. EVANS.

Prepared and invented by DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD, 48 Bond street, N. Y. Established 1839. To be had of all Druggists, &c.

☞ Beware of cheap imitations.

AN ECHO FROM LONDON.

8 MONTPELIER SQUARE, LONDON, S. W., ENGLAND, September 26, 1871.

SIR: Will you kindly inform me whether you have an agent in England where I could procure your "ORIENTAL CREAM" for the complexion? If not will you tell me what would be the smallest number of bottles you could send me from New York; what would be the sum total, carriage free, of such a parcel? and lastly, how could I forward you the required amount? I think you would have a very great sale here. Yours, truly,

E. BERRIE.

DR. GOURAUD, New York.

A VOICE FROM LONDON, ENGLAND.

24 TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W. C., November 13, 1871.

Lo Journal des Modes:

SIR: The fame of your "ORIENTAL" having reached me, I enclose you the value in stamps, and will thank you to forward quickly. Will you be good enough to supply with the price per gross, cash with my name as agent on each bottle. Waiting your reply, I am faithfully yours,

SAMUEL MILLER.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD.

FROM THE GEM OF THE WEST.

A lady friend, with the finest complexion we ever saw, told us that "after reading the advertisement of DR. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM in our publication a year ago, she purchased it, and now she would not be without it for all the gold in Chicago." She further said that "hundreds of friends had tried to discover what she had used, but she had refused to inform them, as she prized it as a secret." We have determined to make the matter public. Let our readers try it. Found at DR. FELIX GOURAUD'S, 48 BOND STREET, New York, and all druggists.

(Quasi.)

ENDORSEMENT OF GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM BY THE DISTINGUISHED DR. L. A. SAYRE.

A lady of the haut ton, a patient of Dr. Sayre, discoursing on the use of cosmetics, he remarked to the lady: "You are already aware, Madame, that I am opposed to the use of cosmetics, but as you ladies will use them, I recommend GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL as the least harmless of the skin preparations."

"Praise from Sir Hubert is praise indeed."

As making up the face for the stage is one of the most unpleasant features of the business, professionals should welcome any invention which will alleviate the trouble. From practical experience of GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, we can vouch that it is a pleasant, wholesome preparation. To the eye the effect is beautiful, and to the skin delicious. It has solved a question—a question which has been a puzzle for a long age.—From the *Dramatic News*.

DEPOT for DR. GOURAUD'S Preparation is at No. 48 Bond street, New York. For sale by druggists.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

PHILADELPHIA.

FOUNDED AUG. 4th, A. D.

1821.

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Saturday Evening, December 23, 1876.

A TRIAL OF WITS.

$100 IN PRIZES!

For the best original Humorous Article which shall be sent in before the end of March next, The publishers of the SATURDAY EVENING POST will give

A PRIZE OF FIFTY DOLLARS.

For the second best, Twenty-five Dollars.
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The lists are open to all without regard to age, sex, color, or previous condition. Encourage the funny men and women of your vicinity to try their hands.

Subject and style, whether description conversation, incident, essay or otherwise is left to the choice of the writers. Articles in which the fun consists in bad spelling are excluded—true humor needs no such aid.

All articles entered are to be the property of this paper.

The publication of the articles will be commenced as soon as a sufficient number are received, and the premiums awarded at the time specified.

The prizes will be awarded only in case the articles received are considered worthy of publication.

Let us have a collection which shall make people forget troublesome topics and set the nation in a roar.

THE BROOKLYN HORROR.

The burning of the Brooklyn Theatre, news of which reached us too late for comment in our last week's issue, proves to have been one of the most appalling catastrophes, indeed the most so of its kind which has ever occurred in this country, both in the number of lives lost, and the fearful horrors accompanying their death. Up to the present time two hundred and ninety-eight bodies have been recovered from the ruins, and others will probably be found. One hundred and one were burned beyond the possibility of recognition. On Saturday last, 9th instant, these were interred in one grave in Greenwood Cemetery.

The warning is indeed a fearful one. We cannot join with those who regard it as a signal mark of Divine disapproval of theatres, hundreds at different times have lost their lives by accidents and panics in school houses and churches; but it is indeed a most emphatic and terrible penalty for the culpable neglect existing in almost or quite every city. Comparatively few buildings where audiences congregate have proper means for rapid and safe exit, and the wonder is that more lives are not sacrificed in this manner. If the dearly bought experience in a sister city, shall compel the needed reform, there will be some compensation for the sickening tragedy.

Doubtless large numbers of the victims might have escaped but for the terrible panic, and the occasion is a fitting one to impress the necessity of self control. One of the coolest men in danger we ever know, said he owed much of his self command to to having thought it over before hand. He was accustomed to imagine trying situations and consider what might be done, and thus he was in some degree prepared for emergencies. The suggestion is a good one, but in spite of all forethought panics will occur, and it is the duty of all to insist that their dangers be diminished as much as the absolute safety of public buildings will contribute to it.

AN EVIL EYE.

The director of a certain railroad unknown to the conductor of the train on which he was riding, presented his pass for examination. The conductor scrutinized it carefully, looked very suspiciously at the bearer, read the pass again, and returning it with an expression of face that said "I more than half believe you are a fraud" passed on. The director turning to a friend remarked "I shall investigate that man's accounts, I believe he is a thief; he is too suspicious to be honest." The event proved his surmises correct; the conductor was a defaulter, and was speedily discharged.

Want of confidence in others betrays loss of confidence in one's self, or will speedily lead to it. The man who sneers at respectability, counts virtue a sham and piety hypocrisy, if he have not already reached that level, will soon satisfy his conscience by being no worse than his neighbors. It is so much easier to condemn than to praise, and to believe evil rather than good of another, that this dangerous distrust of all good is too easily imbibed. Such a tendency is full of harm to an individual, undermining his own good principles, beclouding his perceptions, and depriving him of the best sunshine of life, the pleasure of recognizing good in others, and growing in its practice himself.

THE GREAT TOPIC.

To supply a perennial topic of conversation, especially to the talkative sex, is no small achievement. It requires the subject to have widespread diffusion and unending variety. Two matters possess these qualifications most eminently, and are accordingly foremost among things always talked about. They are the weather and servants.

Both these topics are indispensable to society as now constituted, especially the servants. Few well regulated families would hesitate which to do without, if either must be given up, for with servants a plenty, housekeepers can make their own weather—sunshiny, exhilarating, lowering or tempestuous, according to circumstances.

In point of variability, servants take the palm. The weather has an almost unvarying average from year to year. There will be just so much heat and cold, so many inches of rain, and a definite amount of wind from each quarter of the heavens during a twelvemonth. But the average of servants cannot yet be computed. The number of varieties is yet incomplete; every year adds to the known species. A botanist would go frantic with delight could he find one-tenth as many new specimens in a year, as the sharp-eyed housekeeper will discover among the domestics which come and go in never ending and most unmonotonous succession. No herbarium would equal in interest the collection of photographs which an old expert in servant-hiring might show, with a short description appended to each. There would be Mary, with the sweet mouth, who stole sugar; Bridget, the bustler, who broke the crockery; Margaret, the good-natured, who never could tell the difference between the dish-towels and the hand-towels, and Bertha, the jewel, who would go off and get married, to say nothing of the aristocratic coachman, the stolid gardener, and the fun-loving errand boy.

In the millennium, that good time which everybody loves to talk about, and nobody seems in any hurry to begin at home, when servants will be as perfect as the rest of us, what compensation shall we have for the loss of our favorite topic of conversation? Shall we not want to run down to the outsider's kitchen once in a while—just to refresh pleasant old memories?

THE ELEPHANT—A MORAL ESSAY.

Elephants are "good to have in the house," if the house is large enough, and there is work which they can be set to do profitably. Sometimes they are valuable in view of future contingencies, as for instance in case of a general flood, when one or two may be very properly kept for seed. Ordinarily, however, they cannot be recommended as pets. They crowd out more useful articles; it costs a good deal to keep them in good order; they interfere with domestic comfort, and are very much in the way generally.

The sort of elephants imported from Asia and Africa are the least troublesome, for very few people take them in or are taken in by them. Not so with the home-grown species, which lumber up many a fine mansion and many an humble cottage.

Young Stetson, the smart bank-clerk, captured his, or was captured by it at Saratoga. It was superbly caparisoned, had an enormous trunk, was beautifully trained, could dance, pull a cork from a bottle, and do a hundred things besides, which ordinary elephants never think of doing. He brought it home. It takes a four-story house to accommodate it, and half a dozen keepers to wait on it. It makes a splendid show, but Stetson's bondsmen are getting uneasy, fearing it will cost more than his salary to keep it in condition, and their fears are too well founded.

Jackson, the carpenter, was doing a prosperous business until he took an elephant into his shop. It was a mechanical one. He partitioned off a separate apartment for its use, and gives most of his days and many of his nights to petting it. It has cost him all his savings to answer its demands for new springs, new wheels, and new fixings generally. It has promised when all its wants are supplied to furnish him with perpetual motion, but long before that, Jackson will be used up and the elephant be sold for old rubbish. These two samples are enough to point the MORAL—"Look out for the elephant."

BULL-DOG bravery is only a low form of cur-age.

CARDINAL SINS: Rouge on the cheeks or "whisky skin" on the nose.

A HUMOROUS speaker may learn much waggish expressiveness from a dog's tail.

CATS' VOICES are *mews*-ical and *purr*-suasive; they are great on stac-*cato* notes.

As we expected, the cremation of Baron de Palm ended in smoke.—*St. Louis Journal.*—Wrong again. It ended in ashes.—*Norristown Herald.*—Wrong again. The ashes are to be sprinkled as a fertilizer on a plot of ground in the Lutheran Cemetery; so the last of the Baron is going to grass; the first instalment went to gas.

ETHELIND.

BY CHARLES S. LARNED.

I.

Within a garden, like Paradise
Flowering from cold beds of ice,
Stood a temptress of lovely form;
A woman dark, and stately, and warm,
In whose eyes the moon played shy
As it veiled its silver the tropic sky.
Before her knelt in rich attire,
A knight—a youth who did aspire,
To what could never know his fire;
Ethelind, without a soul,
Ethelind, whose hair fell o'er her fair,
To make her beautiful!
And from the grass there crawled a snake,
'Twas in a dark, and darkish lake,
Crept, and crawled this loveless snake,
When soft lips touched it reached the lake!

II.

Upon the shore of a lonely pool,
Where dwelt the goblin, and the ghoul;
A woman stood for whose love's sake,
A loving youth plunged in that lake;
And the moonlight touched her face and hair,
Her breast, and arms, and smooth neck bear.
Just as it did when her round star eyes,
Told him his love she'd not despise,
And yet she never ceased her lies!
Ethelind, without a soul,
Ethelind, whose hair fell o'er her fair,
To make her beautiful!
The moon turned gray, then grew to black,
For a love that had been taken back;
For a love that was but only black,
It turned from a rosy-red to black!

III.

Where stagnant waters damn the air,
And the scaly serpent smooths the mire;
Lay a face with weary eyes,
Closed forever from the skies;
And a beautiful Siren stooped down—alone,
And looked upon it without a groan.
She was thinking, fiend and devil!
Of another—a fairer rival!
Ethelind, without a soul,
Ethelind, whose hair fell o'er her fair,
To make her beautiful!
Two lovers met, and yet but one,
Deep in the shade of a flowering urn!
Two lovers who ne'er thought of one,
Whose dust was covered by that urn!

IV.

And in this lake in the land of Ghoul,
There comes to the surface—horrible,
A human-like, yet specter hand!
Which some may see from dangerous land;
Beckoning with a subtile spell,
To drag them down in the name of Hell!
'Tis asking now for the roses of sin,
That have the worms—hidden within,
The worms which have eaten the souls of men!
And a woman had taken the form of a snake,
And from the grass, went t'wards the lake,
The hand stretched out, and grasped the snake,
And dragged it writhing into the lake!
Ethelind, without a soul,
Ethelind, whose hair fell o'er her fair,
Belonged to the land of Ghoul!

MRS. JUNIPERBERRY'S STORY.

"Poor but respectable." That's what my old clock kept saying every time I was alone and I couldn't stand it.

One day I was a little out of sorts, (everything had gone wrong.) I hit him—I suppose clocks belong to the masculine gender—but I was sorry the next minute, for I'd lost my best friend. The main spring of his life was broken. He clasped his hands and groaned and fell. Oh, how I missed him, none can tell. Everybody missed the clock. Ezekial missed the clock.

Ezekial was my old man. Would you believe it, he'd wake me up in the middle of the night and ask me what o'clock it was, and of course I couldn't tell, so we'd keep awake to hear neighbor Watson's clock strike. Now Ezekial would get up before daylight. He'd never rest till he got everybody else hard at work, then take his seat behind the stove till breakfast was ready. A great many men do that, I'm told. Well, as I was saying—

This sort of thing could not endure,
I did another clock procure,
I got him at the dollar store,
But he was quite inferior.

He always looked as if he'd had a surgical operation performed, and couldn't hold together, but I hung him up high, so the children couldn't worry him, nor the cat play with the pendulum. His voice was weak and wiry, and it was a long time before I made out what he said. I was complaining one day of hard times and wishing I was rich, when if that clock didn't begin to talk right out—"Take Centennial Boarders," just as plain as preaching. I called Ezekial to listen and he said "there was something in it." "I shouldn't wonder if you'd see the ways of Providence in it," says I.

My old man wouldn't work if the job was brought right under his nose, but he'd eat and drink the fruits of my labor, and always get first if he could, but it just took me, Mrs. Melvina Fitzallen Juniperberry, to keep Ezekial, the same, in his place. I go on the principle, if a man makes the money let him be number one; if the woman makes it, *her* place is number one, masculine gender number two. In our family Ezekial is number two, though he does do all the calculating. He's good at that, he had a better chance at school than I had. Well, I thought over the new idea all day, made Ezkial wake up several times in the night and converse about it, not that I cared for his opinion, but somehow I was so full of it. Ezekial saw plainly the ways of Providence in it, and I, I put my shoulder to the wheel. Men and women, put your shoulders to the wheel and you'll always see light.

I never believed in natural depravity till I married Ezekial and took a boy to raise, one of Darwin's pets. Now he'd put his fingers in the apple sauce, (not Ezekial, but the boy) he'd tell a lie when the truth was handiest, steal Bologna sausage out of the market basket, drink the milk at ten cents a quart, throw the cat down the cellar, etc., etc., too numerous to tell. Satan had his fangs in that boy sure. Nothing would do. He used to worry Ezekial more than a little. When I'd get the strap he'd play "hide and seek" round Ezekial till that old man's coat was torn fairly off his back, but no matter, Ezekial caught it sometimes; 'twas his own fault, he'd put his fingers out to save the boy and I just let fly that strap. I think it did them both good.

Now, how was I to take Centennial boarders with such a team?

But my mind being made up, there was nothing left but to yoke them together and try.

'Twas on a Monday morning that our first boarder arrived—a nice young man, he was not a bit proud. He carried his own trunk, and let Ezekial help him up stairs with it. This young man was going to Germany, so he thought he'd stop on the way, and see the show, so he could describe it to the Germans. Ezekial waited on him, so did the boy. We petted him up and give him everything we could think of. We took his letters to the post-office. Ezekial lent him two postage stamps. We always gave him two blankets instead of one, and Ezekial waked him up softly in the morning, because he had no mother. The boy stood behind his chair to see if he wanted anything. Ezekial stood half way between the kitchen and dining room, within sound of his voice, so things would go orderly like. I spoke, Ezekial moved, the boy transferred and the young man devoured. I seemed to know his very thoughts, without his having to ask. He never refused to be helped even the fifth time. Ezekial said we fed him too well.

Ezekial was observant about such matters. In the evening, I just put on my best gown. Ezekial bought it last Christmas (I gave him the money) and went into the parlor to visit with the poor, lonely young man.

"How long is it," says I, with a voice of sympathy, so natural to me, "have you been an orphan?"

"Two years," says he, taking out his handkerchief, which I observed was one of my best red-bordered towels; but as I knew he had made a mistake, and perhaps left me a nice handkerchief, which might do for Ezekial, I said nothing about it. He told me his whole heart. He had neither father or mother; all about how he had saved up his money to go to Germany to study the ministry; how we'd been so kind to him, and how sorry he was that he had no money to pay us, but he would be able to send it from Germany, as he expected to meet a rich uncle, and all that, and he only wished to go once more to the Centennial. If I would lend him fifty cents, it would be such a favor; he'd send it in the first letter. I looked sternly at the motherless young man, and then I thought of my own son, and concluded I was in a fix. I didn't often ask Ezekial's advice, but in this case I thought I would, as he did the counting; but I just discovered him at the door listening. I knew by his countenance that he'd heard every word of it; he looked so aggravating. He just turned and went into the kitchen, and began to sing the "Sweet by-and-by."

Now, I've been disgusted with that song ever since I read "Di Mero." It puts me in a fever every time I hear it, and Ezekial knows it, and he told me afterwards he did it to put me in a rage. He said "he never saw such a piece of presumption in his life as that young man to come and treat us in such a manner, after helping him to the best of every thing and four cups of coffee, besides amusing him between times, wearing out our good clothes and running up bills for the fat of the land."

"Next boarder pays before I let him over the sill of the door," said I.

"Don't get stuck again, Mrs. Juniperberry," replied Ezekial.

Would you believe it? That young man wrote from New York, and asked me to send his sleeve buttons that he left on the window-sill, but I wouldn't do it. I just gave them to Ezekial.

As time wore on the Centennials flocked from all directions. Most all the Michiganders left their geese at home—that's what they called them. Most of the Ohio men brought their wives with them—that speaks well for a State; and here let me say: these people were good and honest, tall, six-footers, brave specimens of the West. They never took advantage of us, but behaved like men. One of them gave the boy ten cents when he went away, and one of them left a nice pair of boots in the closet for Ezekial, because they just fit him.

Now, the conversation at that table was really lively—sometimes on religion, sometimes on politics; half and half. "Hurrah for Hayes!" says one; "The same to Tilden," says another. "No one knows which," says a third. "Bad luck to Tilden," says Ezekial. He would talk, the black Republican! I pulled him by the trowsers several times; I made them loose on purpose. I thought he'd better listen. He didn't take much part when the Baptists and Presbyterians were going it, but the country's good was dear to his heart. He couldn't help speaking out. Tugging at his vest was the signal. What Ezekial said was to the point. I pitied him, he had to keep in so, and hear his party abused and see his country going to ruin. He felt so sad! So should I feel sad, but, you know, women have no country; they only adorn this planet to make it home-like for the men. Now, it fairly made me sick when they talked about women voting; they were all against it; said women were unable to comprehend politics, and they'd always be quarrelling with their husbands about what man they should vote for. I could see Ezekial was feeling badly, for he knows my opinion.

Then they talked about the "butter-woman," and said it looked just like marble but it did'nt compare with the "Corliss engine." Now I knew that was just because a woman made it. One very respectable man—I believe he was a Baptist minister—had been daily attending the Zoological Garden for a week, and never found out his mistake till he was ready to go home. It was hard work to convince him, he said there were so many people there. Of course, he hadn't his wife with him.

Now, Ezekial always takes me with him, that is, *I go.*

Poor old man, this Centennial has almost been the death of him. He used to have a good bed, but he gave it up and slept in the closet, but the closet was too short, so he used to put his feet under the sofa.

I gave up every hole and corner for the sake of accumulating a little. I pared apples and potatoes till my hands came out in a new skin. I've ruined my disposition; up early and late—I counted ten times I let them in from prayer meetings and theatres in one night.

"Mrs. Juniperberry," says Ezekial, out of the closet, "does it pay?"

I gave them all my ginger—three bottles,—and Ezekial gave them a bottle of soothing-syrup he bought from Mrs. Winslow herself, so when the bottle was empty I just filled it with molasses and water, but Ezekial said it was wrong, but he always was conscientious.

Time wore on, Ezekial's clothes looked pretty shabby, but then I kept him in the background, and as for the boy, he's had his pants out at the knees ever since we begun. I thought that some of the strangers, seeing how busy I was, would offer to sew on the patches, but not one ever said a word about it, though I kept a pile right in sight. Nobody cared about anything but just seeing the show; then when they came home, such *caterwauling* on that piano!

Ezekial has no ear for music,—I know he hasn't, for I had his ears examined—but I couldn't get him out of the parlor, he said "it was meat and drink." He said "he wished Mr. Sankey would come on to see the show, and we wouldn't charge him anything for his board just to hear him 'Hold the Fort.'"

I hadn't much influence over Ezekial; in the evenings he seems independent-like, he said he must watch the overcoats. Now a great many people went round stealing overcoats, and Ezekial, having no overcoat, thought they might lay it to him, but I wasn't a bit afraid of that, Ezekial looked the picture of honesty, he was ever so much afraid of being caught; he always said to be caught in a mean action was awful, and so it is. That's what I try to instil in the boy, but all to no purpose, the more I try the deeper in sin he gets. I've often thought of old Solomon's advice: "Spare the rod and spoil the child." When he went visiting round among all those Mrs. Cucumbers, how the children must have run and got behind their mother's chairs. Now I've been obliged to follow his advice with Ezekial,—I mean the boy—though I despise the practice. If Solomon had got a good deal of it himself, maybe he would have been a better man.

Now the Centennial came to a close. It came to a close one afternoon just as we were going to sit down to supper—only Ezekial and I, he at one end of the table and I at the other. Ezekial got up several times and walked round.

"Sit down," says I, "and let the boy wait on you, and see how it feels." But a tear glistened in his eye as he gazed on the empty chairs.

That was more than two weeks ago, and since then Ezekial has quite recovered his spirits. He's got his own comfortable bed again, and he says he'll not give it up next Centennial.

The people took quite a fancy to Ezekial and invited him to come and see them. He is very persevering when he undertakes anything, and if he should once begin he will go all over the country. He'll never wear his welcome out, for he never stays long in one place. That's a chronic disease with Ezekial, if it had not been, we would have been rich in our old days. I always told him: "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

SELF MADE MEN.

When we glance at the long list of characters who have raised themselves by their own exertions to eminence, it would seem as though there are certain ennobling qualities to produce which a soil of privation and poverty is requisite. Without any elaborate research, let us call up from memory the names and antecedents of such men as illustrate the remark we have just made. Andersen, the popular Danish poet, lately deceased, was the son of a poor shoemaker, and came near starving to death. His works have been printed in fifteen different languages! Beranger, the lyric poet of France, was in youth a street beggar. Elihu Burrit was a blacksmith's apprentice. Andrew Jackson, the President of the United States, was born of Irish emigrants. Carleton, the Irish novelist was the son of a peasant, and begged his way to knowledge. Henry Clay was an humble clerk in a local court in Virginia. Rafael Carrera, President of the Republic of Gautemala, began his life as a drummer boy. Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, was born in poverty and want. Dumas, the great French novelist and dramatist, was the son of planter and a negress, and was in a starving condition in Paris till he worked his way to success. Daniel Webster, the great American statesman, was a poor farmer's son.

Faraday, the chemist and naturalist, was a bookbinder by trade. Horace Mann, the eminent educationist, was born in poverty.

Herring, the remarkable animal painter, began the profession of art by painting signboards. Jasmin, the Burns of south France, was the son of a tailor, and the grandson of a street beggar. Dickens, in his youth, was a newspaper reporter. Benjamin Franklin, the philosopher, was a soap-boiler and tallow chandler in early life. Horace Greeley was a printer's boy, but rose to the front rank of journalism, and was a candidate for the Presidency. Minie, the inventor of the well known rifle, was a private soldier. John Jacob Astor, who died worth over twenty millions dollars, began life as a mechanic. Sir Richard Arkwright, the famous inventor, was a barber's apprentice. Robert Owen, the philanthropist, was shop-boy to a grocer. Steven Girard, who did so much for Philadelphia, commenced life as a cabin-boy in a coasting schooner. Stanfield, the distinguished landscape painter, was a common foremast hand aboard ship. Charles Lamb, was a charity scholar.

John Bunyan, the famous author of the Pilgrim's Progress, was a tinker. Thiers the well-known historian and French minister, was a charity scholar, and afterward a printer's boy. Burns, the poet, was a ploughman. Thomas Wright, the Manchester philanthropist, worked in an iron foundry for forty years. John Bright, the orator and statesman, was a cotton spinner. Nathaniel Greene, the distinguished general, was a blacksmith. William Lloyd Garrison, the philanthropist, was brought up to the cabinet-makers trade. Johannes Rouge, the leader of the German Catholic movement, was a poor shepherd boy. Frederick Douglass, the distinguished American orator and writer, was a Southern slave. Thomas Hood, the famous humorist and author, was an engraver by trade. John Ledyard, the American traveller, was once a common sailor. Ebenezer Elliot, the poet, was an iron founder. De Foe, the popular writer of "Robinson Crusoe" was a butcher's boy. Marshal Ney, Duke of Elchingen, one of Napoleon's most famous generals was by trade a cooper.

John C Calhoun, the eminent American statesman, was the son of an Irish emigrant. Christopher Columbus was a poor Italian sailor boy, but afterward the discoverer of a continent. Daguerre, whose name has been rendered famous by the discovery of the daguerreotype process, was a poor theatrical scene painter. Captain Cook, the famous navigator, was a common sailor in early life. Douglas Jerrold, the great wit, author, and playwright, was a compositor in a London printing office.

And so we might go on multiplying interesting examples of a similar character. Is there not encouragement in these facts—encouragement for the poor and down-hearted, and also a rebuke for those who constantly harp upon the wrongs of the humble, and the impassable barriers between high and low? Each man is the architect of his own fortune, and success is ever conquered by the brave and persevering. Though "fortune brings in some boats that are not steered," still, as a rule, the mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands.

A YOUNG man whom I know, says a correspondent of a New York paper, crossed the Chelsea ferry to Boston one morning, and turned into Commercial street for his usual glass. As he poured out the poison, the landlord's wife came in and confidentially asked for five hundred dollars to purchase an elegant shawl she had seen. He drew from his breast pocket a well-filled pocket book and counted her out the money. The man pushed aside the glass untouched, and laying down ten cents, departed in silence. That very morning his devoted Christian wife asked him for ten dollars to purchase a cheap cloak, that she might attend church. He crossly told her he hadn't the money. As he left the saloon he reflected: "Here I am helping to pay for a five hundred dollar cashmere shawl for that man's wife, but my wife asks in vain for a ten dollar cloak. I can't stand this. I have spent my last dime in drink." When the next pay-day came that meek, loving wife was surprised with a beautiful new cloak from her reformed husband. She could hardly believe her own eyes and ears as he laid it out on the table, saying: "There, Emma, is a present for you! I have been a fool long enough. Forgive me for the past, and I will not touch liquor again." She threw her arms about his neck, and her hot tears told her heartfelt joy, as she sobbed: "Charlie, I thank you a thousand times! I never expected so nice a cloak. You could'nt have selected a prettier one. This seems like other days. Come, now, I have supper all ready. You are so good, and I am so happy." The great, strong, noble fellow couldn't hide his tears as he related the facts to me. He said it was the happiest hour in ten years of married life.

EVERYTHING useful or necessary is cheapest; walking is the most useful exercise, water the best drink, and plain food the most nourishing and healthy diet; even in knowledge, the most useful is the easiest acquired.

NEWS NOTES.

AN artificial stone manufactory has been established at Sacramento, Cal.

THE Japanese Prime Minister has issued a notification that Japanese indigo may be exported duty free.

THE fire in Kanagawa, November 7, destroyed seven hundred native houses. The loss is estimated at $500,000.

THE arrival of vessels at the port of New York during the month of November, from foreign ports, aggregated 384.

A NATIONAL memorial to Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday schools in Great Britain, is to be erected at Gloucester, England.

A PROJECT has been submitted to the Italian Government for the erection of a large building for fine art exhibitions in Rome.

A LARGE shipment of Government headstones, comprising about 10,000 pieces, is being made from West Rutland, Vt., to Marietta, Ga.

THERE were 949 deaths in Savannah from yellow fever, from August 1st to November 20th. The total number of deaths during that period was 1574.

A LIVE-OAK cannon wheel, supposed to have been thrown overboard from an American vessel chased by the British fleet, was found in the Penobscot at Winterport, the other day.

The Chinese are overrunning the Sandwich Islands. They are said to be more respectable people than the Chinese of New York or San Francisco.

IT is announced that Lowell, Mass., is to try the plan of having but one session daily in the public schools, beginning at 8:30 and closing at 1 o'clock, all the year round.

TEN grain ships are in the harbor at Portland, Oregon, four of which are loading for England. Wheat out there is worth $1 55 per bushel.

THE Japanese gunboat "Imyhuwan" was wrecked on the coast of Husher province, November 2. Eight officers and fifteen of the crew were drowned.

A DRAIN on the land of a citizen of North Haven, Conn., recently became closed. An investigation showed that two hundred and sixty-one striped snakes had taken winter quarters in it and had caused the trouble.

ACCORDING to authentic statistics the grasshoppers in 1875 set back Minnesota to the following extent: Number of bushels of wheat destroyed, 2,024,972; oats, 1,127,780; corn, 790,081, and potatoes, 130,886.

THE New Orleans *Times* says: "The orange crop, notwithstanding the injury by drouth in some localities, is usually large. They are lower in price than they have ever been known. On the trees they sell for $5 a thousand, and even for less."

EXTENSIVE preparations are making at Trenton, N. J., to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the battle of Trenton, on the 26th of December. The programme will include a sham battle and an address by Senator Stockton.

AN incendiary fire in Burlington, N. J., December 10th, destroyed about twenty-six buildings, causing a loss of $150,000. More than fifty families are homeless. A lady named Rogers was frightened to death by the fire.

BARONESS MATILDE DE ROTHSCHILD, wife of Baron William, has established a hospital at Frankfort, in memory of her daughter, who died some years ago at Wiesbaden. In this hospital sick and poor Jewish girls are to be received.

GEN. BECKER, who has a large farm on the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad, proposes to devote a considerable tract to the cultivation of walnut timber. Experiment has demonstrated that the soil and climate are adapted to the growth of this valuable wood.

A NEW coal mine has been discovered on the New Brunswick side of the Bay of Fundy, twenty-six miles from St. John. For years this deposit has been known to exist, but it is only recently that anything has been done toward working the mine.

PETROLEUM has been discovered in the neighborhood of Pyramid Lake, in Nevada. Two springs are said to have been found, from which flow about eighty or ninety gallons of petroleum a day. The oil is almost colorless, while the petroleum of Pennsylvania is very dark.

THE Prefect of the Paris police, after consultation with a number of competent officials, has decided to put into immediate operation a plan organizing classes for reading and writing in all the prisons, which all convicts totally uneducated shall be made to attend.

SAM SING, a celestial nabob of Elko, Cal., is about planting a Colony of Chinese in Chicago, starting with eighty-five, and having one hundred and fifty others awaiting his order. California newspapers indulge in fervent hopes that the Chinese will become so enamored of the new climate as to relieve the Pacific shores of their presence.

A SERIOUS insurrection broke out lately in the southern and western provinces of Japan. The rebels numbered about two thousand. Five hundred loyal soldiers were killed. The insurgents were finally dispersed, the chief conspirators being captured. Eight leaders are to be beheaded.

IN a few days the last ship will sail from New York with goods for the exhibition at Sydney, Australia. The Canadians have taken a great interest in the affair, sending several loads of exhibits. In all probably 700 tons of Canadian manufactures and products, sound and salable, will be, by the 1st of January, on their way to Sydney for the exhibition.

THERE is a curious artesian well at Cherrytree, Indiana. It is 260 feet deep. The water is a mild cathartic, cleanses thoroughly softens the skin, is cold and very clear. When stirred in any vessel it becomes white as milk. A gas also escapes with the water, which, when collected, burns with a bright flame of two distinct colors—one of them a twirling blue blaze, the other small tongues of yellow.

A PARTY of four fishermen formed the project of wintering in the forests of Fortune Bay, N. F., in February last, for the purpose of making a large catch of trout in the lakes and gullies of that quarter, which abound with those fish, in order to try the experiment of salting them and establishing a trade in pickled trout. No account was ever received from them, though constantly up to the end of June the friends and relatives of the missing men searched the forests for their bodies. Not until near the close of September was the mystery cleared up, when a trouting party, composed of several telegraph operators and their friends discovered four skeletons near a gully. The unfortunate fishermen must have lost their way and been immersed in the drift during one of the terrific blinding snow storms that prevail in that section.

CHRISTMAS AT HOME.

BY OLIVE BELL.

In a beautiful country beyond the sea,
Where shamrocks grow in the sunny glens,
And wild dahlias mottle the meadows green,
While lavrocks whistle through thorny fens,
A farm house stands on the edge of a moor,
With an outlook towards the distant sea,
Where the livelong day the summer sun glids
The purple heather and level lea.

But the heather blooms, so royally bright,
Head down 'neath a load of spotless snow;
Like a silver disc the young sickle moon
Rests on a far-off mountain's brow.
One by one heaven's hosts appear,
As the jasper gates fall slowly ajar;
And I see once more, as on Christmas Eve,
The shining track of His guiding star.

My beloved home! There my mother sits,
Her busy hands for a moment still;
As she gathers her brood about her knee,
(Twig-like bent to her gentle will;)
But the sunny head of her eldest born
Is missed from that loving throng to-night;
Ah! where rings the voice so blithe as his?
Where shines the eye so tenderly bright?

The English holly and mistletoe boughs
Are wove into mottoes by dimpled hands;
Sweet Norah's cheeks turn a deeper pink
At some bashful glance she alone understands.
Young children romp thro' the dim old rooms
With many a song of jovial mirth,
For there's nothing quickens the Irish heart
Like Christmas cheer round the cottage hearth.

O, land of my birth! O, land of my love!
I long to return to thy emerald shore,
For thy customs, so dear to youth's innocent days,
Will live in my memory forevermore.
My tongue has forgotten thy tender speech,
My heart grown cold, as I idly roam;
Yet my eyes grow dim, with a mist of tears,
As I think of the joyous Christmas at home.

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 25. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XL.

JOSHUA REPENTING.

He remained unconscious for many hours, breathing stentoriously, and lying like a log upon the bed where his faithful attendants had laid him. The village doctor had bled him, and administered various orthodox remedies of a severe character, with but little result. Mr. Martin, the good old dissenting minister, stayed with him all through the weary night, which might know no dawn in this world. The spinster sisters were indefatigable, Priscilla waving her peculiar prerogative of hysterics, in her desire to be useful.

The sun had risen, and the birds were singing outside the open casements, when Joshua slowly lifted his heavy lids and looked about him with dim, bloodshot eyes.

For some minutes after he had struggled back to consciousness there was a dimness in his brain as well as in his eyes, and he looked at the anxious, watchful faces vaguely. Then memory came back with cruel distinctness.

"Tell me—everything," he said.

"Dear friend," pleaded Mr. Martin, "let your mind be at rest for a little while. Repose, dear sir. You have been heavily afflicted; and you have had a stroke of illness which might have been fatal, had God refused to hear our earnest prayers."

"Tell me about my wife," urged Joshua, vehemently.

"She is at rest. She has gone to her heavenly home. I, who was with her at the last, have no doubt of her calling and election. She was one of God's chosen vessels, with a mind naturally attuned to heavenly things, like that pure spirit, my heavenly-minded Elizabeth, whose death-bed conversations it was my precious privilege to preserve for the edification of many. Yes, she came very near that sainted young woman in the holy simplicity of her nature."

"What was it that killed her?" asked Joshua, putting aside all those words with a motion of his strong hand. "Did she die of a broken heart? Was it my ill-usage that caused her death?"

"Your ill-usage, dear friend? Your senses must be wandering. She always talked of you as the best and most honored of husbands. Ill-usage, and from you? She loved you above all earthly things. Your name was on her lips with her last breath."

"Yes," cried Joshua, "she called me, and I heard her. Give me my watch," pointing to the chest of drawers where it lay; "see, I stopped the hands at the moment in which I heard her voice calling to me in a kind of dream—not a common dream, mark you—twice as vivid and life-like. It was after midnight on Sunday: see, twenty minutes past."

"This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes!" exclaimed Mr. Martin, piously. "It was at that very hour her spirit took flight."

"Why was I not told that she was ill—dying?" asked Joshua.

"It was her wish that you should not be troubled. 'He will send for me, or come for me, when he wants me to go home again,' she said, 'He has higher things than me to think about.' She was so earnest in this wish that we did not like to overrule her."

"And nobody thought that she was dangerously ill," explained Deborah. "The doctor couldn't make it out. That was what he always said. It was one of the strangest cases he'd ever had to deal with. Some days she seemed so well and bright; and she was always industrious, anxious to be doing something for us; household work or needlework, it was all the same—we couldn't give her enough to do."

"The journey here hurt her a great deal, I think," said Priscilla, "though she would never own to it. She walked a good bit of the way, I believe, and she was foot-sore and very weak when she came. I opened the door to her at dusk one evening, and I almost thought she was a ghost. 'I want to be your servant, dear Miss Priscilla,' she said, 'as I was in the old happy days.' 'Why, Mrs. Haggard,' said I, 'what would your honored husband think of such a notion?' But I'd hardly got out the words before she fell down in a faint at my feet; and for a week after that we had her laid up, and as low as could be."

"And you never wrote to me about her!" cried Joshua, with agonized reproach.

"Well, the truth was, we didn't like. We thought there was something wrong—a family quarrel, perhaps; second marriages often turn out so—and that poor thing seemed to have come to us for refuge, and clung to us so; and if ever we talked of writing to you, she seemed so distressed. And we had always been fond of her, and had missed her dreadfully after her marriage. She seemed like a daughter to us, now she had come back, and I'm sure we nursed and took care of her in her illness as if she'd really been a daughter, as I know Mr. Martin will bear witness."

"You did," said the minister; "she could not have had better nursing or kinder treatment."

"It was only just at the last that there was any mention of danger," continued Deborah. "On Saturday morning the doctor found her very low, poor dear, and her mind was wandering a little. He seemed quite distressed as he came downstairs with me, as if it was a shock to him to find her so."

"I don't at all like her looks this morning, Miss Webling," he said; "I begin to be afraid we shall lose her."

I never had such a turn in my life. Poor Priscilla and I were almost beside ourselves with grief, and it was as much as I could do to write you a letter, begging you to come at once. You don't seem to have received that letter."

"No; it must have been delivered after I left home. The post is so slow; you should have sent a messenger. Tell me, for God's sake—did she die happy, and did she love me at the last?"

"At the last, and always," answered Mr. Martin, earnestly. "She bared her heart to me. I know all its secrets, its waverings from the right, its weakness. She had always loved and revered you. She had been tempted, poor child, and her fancy had strayed to another for a little while—only a little while. Heart and mind were true to her duty. She was worthy of your fondest love; she was worthy of your deepest regret."

"And I cast her from me; I repudiated her; I spurned her as the vilest of sinners! Oh, friend, can her injured spirit look down upon me from Heaven, and pity? Can God ever pardon my sin? He gave me this sweet flower to wear in my bosom, and I cast it from me, and trampled it underfoot. I have stepped my soul in sin; I have dyed my hands with blood!"

The two spinsters and the minister looked at each other with an awful significance. These remorseful utterances seemed to them the tokens of a wandering mind. That this man, their model and pattern of uprightness, could deeply err, came hardly within the limits of belief.

CHAPTER XLI.

"BETWEEN TWO WORLDS."

The days wore on very slowly for Naomi, in her father's absence. Her heart was weighed down with anxiety on his account; but he had told her not to follow him, and, anxious though she was, she obeyed implicitly. A great burden had been taken from her mind by Joshua's confession. Bitter as it was to know that her lover had fallen by her father's hand, that the bright young life had been snapped short off, like a blossom from its stalk, in a burst of sinful passion, yet there was all the difference in the world between a fair fight and a dastardly assassination; and she was able now to think of her father as of other duellists she had heard and read about—red-handed sinners all, but not beyond the reach of human pity.

She was reconciled even to the idea of her father's prolonged absence, of a separation which might extend over years. It would be better, happier for him to go out into untrodden fields, and do difficult work, for his Master's sake. The pious labor would be his penance; in heathen lands he would find cities of atonement, from whose gates he might come forth loosed from the burden and stigma of his crime. She had longed herself to go into strange lands and teach heathen children the Gospel. What more natural than that her father, with his consciousness of a terrible sin to be expiated, should desire to brave dangers, and endure hardships and trials in the great cause?

"Let him come back to me ten years hence, old and bent and gray," said Naomi, "and I will praise God for his bounteous mercies. I will say that our lives have been full of blessings, even after all our sorrows."

This was her prayer—that he might go forth as a messenger of the Gospel and do his work of expiation, and come back to her purified and happy. It was the old heroic Greek idea of atonement, only in a Christian and better form.

A letter had come from Penmoyle for Joshua, and was laid aside, unopened, awaiting tidings from him. No one supposed that the letter was of any particular importance. What they all waited for anxiously was a letter from Joshua himself.

It was Thursday, and Oswald Pentreath had been lying in the family vault for many days and nights. It seemed a natural thing already to think of him resting there with his ancestors, and it was almost possible to forget that he had lain for nearly a year in the darkness of the deserted mine, none knowing his fate. Strange how soon poor human nature resigns itself to the inevitable. Arnold bore the annihilation of all his hopes about his brother better than he could have supposed it possible to bear so heavy a blow. That agonizing grief which he had felt when he supposed Oswald the victim of a treacherous assassin was lessened by Joshua's confession. At least, he had fallen face to face with death. The murderer had not crept behind him with uplifted knife, coming upon his victim in a ghostly silence. It had been a hard fate and a cruel one, but not so bad as this. And poor Naomi, the innocent sufferer from her lover's inconstancy and her father's sin—could he ever be sorry enough for her? Could he ever be sufficiently kind, or gentle, or thoughtful for her dear sake? Consideration for her pleaded eloquently against his desire for revenge. Joshua must go unscathed, so far as human vengeance went, and take his punishment from God. This was the result of many a weary hour of thought that followed upon Arnold's interview with Naomi.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A CURIOUS WEDDING.

In the gardens of a restaurant at Berlin, a sunburnt German and his Japanese wife make their appearance every evening. The wife was brought from Japan by her husband. It is an understood thing that future honors await this man, for he is chosen as private secretary to the Lord of Richthofen. Prince Bismarck possesses an only daughter, betrothed to Richthofen, who is to proceed as German ambassador to the Court of Japan, and he must take a secretary who understands the Japanese language; selection there is none, and only one man can be found to fill the situation. How Kippert became possessed of his Japanese treasure was related by himself when in a jovial frame of mind only a few days since. In 1870, Kippert was serving as steward's mate on board the *Ariadne*, a Prussian man-of-war. Suddenly, the news arrived that France had declared war against Germany. The French pronounced the *Ariadne* to be in blockade, and she was closely watched by her formidable enemies, who outnumbered her by three to one. At that time, Herr von Brandt was the Prussian ambassador at Jeddo, and his secretary was suddenly taken ill, so Brandt, sent to ask the captain of the *Ariadne* if he could spare him anyone from his crew who was capable of acting as his secretary. The captain selected the steward's mate, Kippert, and he was solemnly installed as secretary to the embassy. "But, my good fellow," said Herr von Brandt, "you must marry; we want a woman to act as housekeeper." Kippert inquired of the ambassador where he could find a wife. Herr von Brandt called his Japanese servant, who understood a little German, and said to him, "Jack, here are ten dollars; saddle two horses, and ride to the new village with Kippert, and buy him a wife there." An hour later, Kippert and Jack trotted gaily forth; and arrived shortly before sunset at the village which contained a number of huts. Before these huts were large tanks of water, in which the women and girls of the place paddled about, arrayed in the primitive dress of our mother Eve. Kippert proceeded along at a foot's pace; he looked through his glasses, taking ocular inspection as he passed. When he had made his choice he pointed out to Jack the lady of his selection. The servant rode up to the hut of the father of the young lady, and begged him to come out of doors and talk to him. He stated the object of his visit, and the father demanded twenty dollars for his daughter, but subsequently accepted five. Jack turned his horse round and trotted back to Kippert. The father made a sign to his daughter. She jumped joyfully out of the tank and ran forward to Kippert's horse, which she prepared to follow with much alacrity and signs of great delight. Kippert got down from his horse to make a bow to the lady, and at the same time he slipped a sack that he had all ready over her head. He had previously cut three holes in the sack for the head and arms; thus adorned, in due deference to European customs, they proceeded on their journey. Jessa, as Herr von Brant called her, learnt with great ease to clean the rooms, to make the beds, and to wash up the cups and saucers. Her husband made her two dresses with his own clever fingers in which she seemed most proud to walk about. When the time arrived that Kippert was able to return to Germany with Herr von Brandt, he wished to send Jessa back to her father, but she flung herself at his feet, weeping violently, and entreating not to be left behind; so he decided on taking her with him. He had been legally married to Jessa, who had been christened, receiving the name of Mary; and the pretty Japanese now speaks German, and moves in society as if she had been educated in a first-rate boarding-school.

TEDDY'S CHRISTMAS.

BY OLIVE BELL.

Everybody in Grafton knew Teddy. Teddy the six-year-old son of the poor friendless factory girl, who lived in a little brown house, just outside the town limits. Teddy whose round chubby face was the picture of honesty and good humor; Teddy whose pathetic brown eyes and gentle womanly manners could soften the hardest heart in Grafton, and coax a penny out of the most miserly inhabitant of the busy little town.

"It costs nothing to be polite," Teddy would sagely remark to his companions, "and my politeness has given me many a meal."

But there came a day when Teddy's smiles came not so readily and when cheerful or jesting words died on his tongue. For Teddy's mother—the only creature on earth who stood between him and starvation—lay dying. The little spark of life that Teddy's love and Teddy's boyish vivacity had kept alive in the young mother's heart, was flickering out at last, and Teddy, with a wisdom beyond his years, felt that before many days, the frail hands that had hitherto shielded him so carefully, would protect him no more.

Christmas eve came, and Teddy, with many a wistful glance at the Christmas good-things lying inside the gas-lit store windows, hurried homeward, with a few hard-earned pennies in his pocket.

Work was scarce in Grafton, and the mill-hands had suffered in consequence; and Teddy had found it hard work to keep his ailing mother in food. His clothes were thin and ragged, but Teddy felt neither cold nor hunger, as he walked steadily onward, his great brown eyes looking up at the clear blue sky, and thinking over the beautiful story of the Nativity, that his mother always told him on Christmas eve. But she was ill to-night, and a lump came into Teddy's throat as he opened the door of the little brown house, and entered the gloomy room.

"Is that you, Teddy?" called a faint voice out of the gloom.

"Yes, mother," cheerfully replied Teddy, getting down on his knees to fan a few faggots on the hearth into a blaze. The flames shot up presently, and lit up the little room, poor but clean and tidy, with many evidences of womanly tact and taste, visible in the homely appointments. But Teddy saw nothing but the fragile mother, lying on her low bed. She had been beautiful once—with a beauty that had been her ruin—and the violet eyes were lovely still, shining out of that pure white face, while the rich hair, glittering like dun-gold in the firelight, streamed over the pillow in wavy masses.

"My pretty little mamma," Teddy cried, kissing the bright crimson spots on her thin cheeks, "how gay you look to-night."

Teddy's mother smiled, for the touch of his warm lips on her hot cheeks seemed to give her new life.

"I earned enough to-day to buy us something good for our Christmas dinner," Teddy said, smoothing the soft hair.

"O, Teddy, Teddy!" wailed the weak voice, and a grayness crept over the thin face that startled Teddy.

"What is it, mamma?" he whispered, "are you hungry?"

"No, my boy. The Lord has said we will never hunger or thirst in His kingdom, and I will soon be there."

Teddy knew what she meant. Her fireside teachings had taken deep root in his heart, and if all human aid failed him. Teddy knew there was One on high who heard the faintest cry of hunger or distress.

"Mother," he said, solemnly, "are you dying?"

"Yes, Teddy, I am going home at last." There was a pause, wherein that dying mother saw the desolate future of her child, and a dry, gasping sob. "O, my boy, what will become of you?"

"God will take care of me," replied Teddy, brushing away some scalding tears with his ragged sleeve. "I'll miss my nice Christmas stories; but, mamma, you will see the Baby King."

Teddy glanced up at the little patch of sky, visible through the small window at the bed-side, and saw one bright star, shining like a beacon light, on the jasper heights.

"You will be motherless, Teddy," his mother went on, "but if your earthly father never owns you, remember there is one in Heaven who will never overlook you."

"My father!" Teddy looked puzzled, "is he not dead, mamma?"

"Dead to you!" Teddy's mother covered her face with her wasted hands. There was a long silence between the two after that, and when the faint voice was heard again, Teddy bent his face close to the blue lips to catch the words. "Here,"—her voice was very hoarse and her hands shook as Teddy's mother laid a golden locket in his hands, "this contains your father's picture. Keep it safely, Teddy, as I have done. Let neither poverty or sickness induce you to part with it. Promise me this, Teddy."

Teddy promised, with his eyes fixed greedily on the carved case of the locket, which seemed to him a pretty toy. His mother watched him, with the hungry lovelight of a last look, deepening in her eyes. Ah! how the folly, the sin, the shame, of the days when she had loved not wisely, but too well, came home to her now. How every look, every word, of this child, who was worse than fatherless, smote her. She turned her face to the wall, and wept bitter tears of penitence, while Teddy with a love that was pitiful to see in one so young, strove to comfort her.

"Don't fret, mamma," she would say, kissing the cold hands that lay on the covers, "Don't fret, God will take care of me."

"My darling!" she moaned, in an exhausted way, that deathly grayness overspreading her again again, "be honest and upright, and pray to Him nightly. God will never forsake you."

She folded her hands on her bosom, and lay perfectly still. The wax-like lids closed over the violet eyes, and Teddy sat very still, thinking she was falling asleep. He had an indistinct idea that he was hungry, but could not leave his mother's bedside. The fagots died out on the hearth, and Teddy dropped over asleep, with the locket tightly clasped in his chubby palm. When the morning broke the white lips would not answer his cries, for the mother's purified spirit had entered that land "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Teddy fled from the house. He had a child's horror of death, and this death too terrible to be borne. The Christmas bells were ringing merrily from a dozen spires; children with happy faces brushed heedlessly past Teddy, who wandered on and on, until exhausted by hunger and grief, he laid down on the marble steps of a handsome mansion.

Half an hour later a young, sweet-faced woman, clad in rich silks and warm furs, alighted from her carriage, and stooped wonderingly over the bundle of rags on her door-rug.

"What is this?" she exclaimed, turning to her coachman, "James, pick this child up and carry him into the house."

James obeyed, and soon laid Teddy on a soft velvet lounge in the library. Then hastily laying aside her wraps, Mrs. Reginald Praff busied herself in resuscitating Teddy. And when the sad brown eyes languidly unclosed, they looked into a face as tender, and almost as beautiful as that other rigid face, over which Teddy had shed such scalding tears.

"You were cold and hungry?" questioned Mrs. Praff, in her charming way, for she loved children passionately, although none had been given her, and Teddy, child-like, saw the love in her eyes.

"Oh, so cold, and hungry, and sorry," sobbed Teddy.

"What is your name?"

"Teddy!"

Mrs. Praff remembered his mother instantly. Often in going through her husband's mills this girl's beautiful but sorrowful face had arrested her attention.

"Where is your mother now, Tedd?"

"Dead! dead!" cried Teddy, bursting into a flood of tears. Little by little Mrs. Praff coaxed the sorrowful story from Teddy.

"Mamma said this was my father," he said in conclusion, as he laid the open locket in Mrs. Praff's lap.

With wide-open eyes, blanched cheeks, and tightly-set lips, Mrs. Praff stared at the pictured face, for the velvety black eyes of the man she loved so dearly, the husband she was proud of, smiled up into hers. She had been the happiest of wives that Christmas morning, now a cloud seemed to settle around her, that shrouded her future like a pall.

"How old are you, Teddy?" said the lady's soft, sweet voice.

"Six years old," replied Teddy, wondering at the lady's pale face.

And *she* had been ten years a wife! "God forgive him!" she said under her breath. She rang the bell, and when the servant appeared, ordered him to send his master to her.

Mr. Reginald Praff came pleasantly into his wife's presence, for if there was one being on the face of the earth this man loved and revered, it was this pure, spotless woman, whose worth was above rubies.

"What is it, Alice?" he began, but paused suddenly, for his eyes fell on Teddy.

"I have a Christmas gift for you, my husband," said his wife's rich voice, "allow me to give you a son."

She led Teddy up to Mr. Praff, who seemed struck speechless. The open locket in his wife's hand explained his wife's knowledge of his guilty secret. He shrank from the gaze of her righteous eyes, and grew blind and dizzy, when her voice broke the silence.

"My unhappy rival lies dead in her miserable home. The wrong you did her can never be righted in this world. As for myself——" she paused and looked at Teddy sorrowfully, "I will try to forgive you, and do my duty to this boy."

"Alice," her husband looked confounded, "you do not mean to let people know he is my son."

"I certainly do." Her tones cut him like a knife. "Teddy this is your father."

"And you——" Teddy clung to her hand, and glanced shyly at the tall gloomy man, "Will be a second mother to me?"

A promise she fulfilled to the letter, for Teddy's mother was quietly buried, and Mrs. Praff took the motherless boy to her sore heart, smothering her own rebellious thoughts with many prayers. But a cloud not larger than a man's hand, hovered between her and the man she loved—a cloud that had gathered that Christmas morning, which in after years, Teddy asserted, was the saddest yet happiest day of his life.

THE Hon. James Yates (an Englishman) after protracted inquiry and investigations in the schools and among those best able to judge of the matter, reported that the complete adoption of the decimal, in place of the present English weights and measures, would save two full years in the school-life of every child educated. In our country the saving would be something less, because of our adoption of the decimal currency; but the most conservatives teachers acknowledge that something like this amount of time would be saved each child if our present confusion of measures were entirely replaced by the International or Metric System. Regardless of the much greater commercial and international claims of the new system, it is certainly one of the most prominent educational questions now before the people, and there was ample room for the association recently incorporated in Boston as the American Metric Bureau.

THE spoilt children of the world, like their juvenile namesakes, are generally a source of unhappiness to others without being happy in themselves.

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REVIEWS.

TOWARDS SUNSET AND OTHER POEMS, by Frank H. Stauffer, is a collection of fugitive pieces contributed by the author to newspapers at various times. The verses are for the most part smoothly written. No high poetic merit is claimed, but the thoughts are pleasant and in good spirit. (Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co.)

Harper's Magazine for January, is a more than usually good number, both in matter and illustrations, including "Contemporary Art in England;" "The Good Old Times at Plymouth;" "The Old Deacon's Lament;" "Fizz and Freeze, a story of the North Pole;" "Recollections of Thackeray," etc., etc.

One of the marvels connected with the publishing business in this country is that the *American Agriculturist* has not a circulation of at least half a million, for three million people could each make five dollars a year by reading it, while the cost is only $1.60. For carefully prepared articles on all that relates to farming, gardening, and housekeeping, it has no equal in this world or any other that we are acquainted with. (New York, Orange Judd & Co.)

It will be a very pleasant exercise of the guessing faculty to give due credit for the charming American story "Is That All?" one of the "No Name" series just issued. About a very simple plot are gathered choice bits of character painting and glimpses of possible life, fresh, delicate and charming. The high art of properly managing a flirting husband, is exquisitely delineated. The name of the author, as in others of his series, is not revealed, but

"*Le bon vin n'a pas besoin d'enseigne.*"
(Boston, Roberts Brothers.)

An important announcement to all interested in educational matters, and who is not? is the forthcoming "Encyclopædia of Education," by Professors Kiddle and Schem: the former connected almost for a life-time with the public schools of New York; the latter occupying the front rank as a writer and editor on educational and other matters. It will supply a want long felt by Boards of Education, public and private teachers, legislators, clergymen, Sunday-school teachers, and parents who desire to intelligently superintend the education of their children. It will be issued by E. Steiger, New York.

We cannot all go to Germany, and even if this were permitted it would take long residence and unusually good opportunities to become as well acquainted with domestic life there, as we are able to do by reading "German Home Life," formerly contributed by a lady to Fraser's Magazine, and now brought out in book form. Very graphic pictures are given of the dwellings, furniture, diet, ways of home life, amusements, etc. of men and woman, and points of contrast between German and English ways, favorable or otherwise, are fairly shown. A hundred just such things as everybody likes to know about distant neighbors——to use an Irishism——are most pleasantly told. (New York. D. Appleton & Co.)

BOOKS, ETC., RECEIVED.—From T. B. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia: Sylvester Sound, the Sonambulist.

MUSIC RECEIVED.—From White, Smith & Co., Boston, Mass. Servian Battle March; The Gypsy Countess, a vocal duett; Montgomery Light Guards, a song; Englewood waltz; Juvenile Studies for Little Hands; Flow Gently Deva; God of Israel, a sacred song; "I'a Gwine Back to Dixie."

GIFT GEMS.

In Germany, each precious stone is invested with a symbolical meaning, and every month of the year is said to be under the influence of one of these stones. We furnish our readers with a list:

Jan.	Garnet	Fidelity to promises.
Feb.	Amethyst	Control of the passions.
March	Bloodstone	Courage and discretion.
April	Sapphire	Repentance; also,
	Diamond	Innocence.
May	Emerald	Happiness.
June	Agate	Long life and health.
July	Ruby	Oblivion and grief.
Aug.	Sardonyx	Conjugal felicity.
Sep.	Chrysolite	Preservation from folly.
Oct.	Aqua Marine	Misfortune; also,
	Opal	Hope.
Nov.	Topaz	Friendship.
Dec.	Turquoise	Success.

Fifty years ago rings were made with precious stones, of which the initials formed a name or a work. For example, the name of Sophia would be expressed by the following jewels: A sapphire, opal, pearl, hyacinthus, jasper, and an amethyst. This was to be an ornament and *souvenir*, for we all like to have something dedicated to the memory of those we love.

THE BEST THING TO DO WITH A COLD OR BAD COUGH, is to get rid of it, for which purpose use at once Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, for nearly half a century a popular Lung remedy.

"I WILL MEET YOU BYE-AND-BYE"

Cupid spied a bonnie lassie
Tripping through the daisy lane,
So he sent his arrow flying
Laden with love's golden chain;
"It shall bind her fast," he whispered;
But the lassie,
Tripping onward, made reply,
"I am hoarding childhood's pleasures,
I will meet you bye-and-bye."

Cupid tarried till the maiden
Walked adown the daisied lane;
Then he tipped his magic arrow
With the heart that hid the chain.
"Love will lure her now!" he whispered;
But the maiden,
Castle-building, made reply,
"Maiden days are very precious,
I will meet you bye-and-bye."

Cupid lingered near the maiden
Till the nodding daisy chain
Went to sleep, alas! forever,
And the snow chill filled the lane;
On her temples snow-flakes falling,
Changed the maiden,
And she saw Youth's graces fly;
Quickly, then, she searched for Cupid,
Sighing, "Now, it's bye-and-bye."

Cupid, laughing at the maiden,
Pointed towards the snow-wreathed lane,
"Youth and Beauty, like the daisies,"
Said he, "no'er will bloom again;"
Then he left, with bow and quiver,
And the maiden
Never again could make reply,
As alone through life she journeyed,
"I will meet you bye-and-bye."

EDINA.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

(This story was commenced in No. 12, Vol. III. Back numbers can always be obtained.)

CHAPTER XV.

UNEXPECTED COMMOTION.

"I cannot tell. I never knew. I understood from her that it was invested; but I know no more. We have never had any money of hers since—except of course the current account, paid in from the revenues of this estate. And we hold no securities of hers, besides these that I have spoken of, the Indian bonds."

"Was the sum she withdrew a large one?" asked the Major.

"It was between fourteen and fifteen thousand pounds."

"And she must have added ever so much on to that," observed the lawyer. "She has not lodged her superfluous income with you?" he added to his brother.

"No. I have said so. We hold nothing but her current account. That has been replenished by her when necessary; but we have had nothing more. It is certainly strange where the vouchers for her property can be. I suppose," added the banker more slowly, "that she did not invest the money in some bubble scheme, and lose it?"

"The very same thought was crossing my mind," spoke his brother.

"But, you don't think that probable, do you, Street?" cried Major Raynor, turning rather hot.

A pause ensued. Lawyer Street was evidently thinking the probabilities out. They waited, and watched him.

"I must confess that circumstances look suspicious," he said at length. "Else why so much secrecy?"

"Secrecy?"

"Yes. If Mrs. Atkinson placed the money in any well known safe investment, why was she not open about it; get me to act for her, and lodge the securities at the bank? She did neither; she acted for herself—as we must suppose—and kept the transaction to herself. The inference is, that it was some wild-goose venture that she did not care to speak of. Women are so credulous."

"What a gloomy lookout!" put in the Major.

"Oh, well, we have only been glancing at possibilities, you know," observed Mr. Street. "I dare say the securities will be found—and the money also."

"Right, John," assented the banker. "Had Mrs. Atkinson found her money was being lost, she would assuredly have set you to work to recover it. I think we may safely assume that much, Major Raynor?"

"Be sure you stay until we return," had been the charge left to Edina Raynor by her uncle. But the Major found himself detained longer than he had thought for, and she went away from Spring Lawn without again seeing him or Charles.

During the short period of her absence from Trennach—nine days—her father had changed so much that she started inwardly when she saw him. As he came out of his house to welcome her, all Edina's pulses stood still for a moment, and then coursed onwards with a bound. In a gradual, wasting illness, not very apparent to the eyes around, it is only on such an occasion as this that its inroads can be judged of.

"Papa, you have been ill!"

"True, Edina. But I am mending somewhat now."

"Why did you not send for me?"

"Nay, my dear, there was not any necessity."

A substantial tea-table had been spread, and in a very few minutes Edina was presiding at it; her travelling things off, her soft brown hair smoothed, her countenance wearing its usual cheerful gravity. Not a gravity that repelled; one that insensibly attracted, for it spoke of its owner's truth, and faith, and earnestness, of her goodwill to all about her. Sitting there, dispensing her cups of tea to the Doctor and Frank, she was ready to hear the news of all that had transpired in the village during her absence.

Nearly the first item that greeted her was the stir about Josiah Bell—of which she had previously heard nothing. It had not subsided in the least, but rather increased; the man missing so long was now supposed to be lying in the deep shaft. But supposition could only be traced back to a very insecure source indeed; nothing more than a dream of Mr. Blase Pellet's.

"A dream!" exclaimed Edina, in the midst of her listening wonder.

"So Pellet says," replied Dr. Raynor.

"But, papa, can there be any foundation for it? I mean the fact, not the dream."

"The very question that we all asked when the rumor arose, Edina. At first it could not be traced to any source at all; there was the report, but whence it came seemed to be a mystery. One said, 'You told me;' the other said, 'No, I heard it from you.' At last, by dint of some close and patient investigation, chiefly on the part of the publican, Float, it was traced back to Blase Pellet. And he said he dreamt it."

"Then, after all, it has no foundation," cried Edina.

"None but that. I questioned Pellet myself; asking him how he came to spread such a report. He replied that he did not spread the report that Bell was lying there, only that he dreamt he was."

"I should have thought Blase Pellet a very unlikely man to have dreams, papa."

"So should I," assented the Doctor in a significant tone. "So unlikely, that I can not help suspecting he did not have this one."

Frank Raynor, who had risen to stand at the window, as if attracted by something in the street, turned his head half round at this remark, but immediately turned it back again. Edina looked inquiringly at her father.

"I could not help fancying, as I listened to him, that Pellet was saying it for some purpose," observed the Doctor. "His manner was peculiar. If I may so describe it—shuffling."

"I scarcely understand you, papa. You think he did not have the dream? That he only said he had it; and said it for a purpose?"

"Just so, Edina."

"But what could be his purpose?"

"Ah, there I am at fault. We may discover later. If he did say it with a purpose, I conclude it will not end here."

"Well, it sounds rather strange altogether," observed Edina. "Frank, do you mean to let your tea get quite cold?"

Frank Raynor returned to his place at the table. He drank his tea, but declined to eat; and began to speak of Mrs. Atkinson's will.

"Did you hear any particulars about it, Edina?"

"No," replied Edina. "Except the one fact that she did not make a second will. There were doubts upon the point, you know."

"Uncle Francis never entertained any doubt of it, Edina. And he was the best judge, I think, of what his sister would, or would not do. I am very glad though, for his and Charley's sake."

"For all their sakes," added Edina.

"I rather wonder we have not heard from him," resumed Frank. "The funeral took place three or four days ago."

"You were not able to go to it, papa?" said Edina.

"No, child. Neither could Frank be spared. It would have taken three days, you see, to go and return comfortably."

Rising from the tea table as soon as he could make a decent excuse for it, for he had no business calls on his time this evening, Frank set off on his usual walk to the Mount. Five evenings, since Edina left, had he so gone; but never with any success: not once had Daisy come out to him. She was being watched closer than ever.

"And I suppose I shall have my walk for nothing this evening also!" thought Frank, as he plucked a wild rose frome one of the fragrant roadside hedges. "This shall not go on long; but I should like to present myself to Mrs. St. Clare with an assured sum in hand to start us in life. I wonder Uncle Francis does not write! He must know I am anxious—if he thinks about it. Up to his ears in his new interests, he forgets other people's."

Fortune favored Frank this evening. As he approached the outer gate of the Mount, he saw Daisy standing at it, very much to his surprise.

"Mamma's lawyer has come over on business, and she is shut up with him," began Daisy, her eyes dancing with delight. "She told me to go to Lydia. But Lydia is asleep, and I came out here."

"I have wanted to see you so much, Daisy," said Frank, as he gave her his arm, and they turned off under the broad Elm trees. "My aunt, Mrs. Atkinson, is dead."

"We saw it in the papers," answered Daisy.

"It is from her that I expect money, you know. Every day I look for a letter from my Uncle Frank, telling me what sum it is that I inherit. And then I shall present myself to your mother. I have so longed to tell you this."

"I have longed to see you," returned Daisy, her pulses beating wildly with various and very mixed feelings, her face flushing and paling. "I—I—I want to ask you something, Frank."

"Ask away, my love," was the reply. But he noticed her emotion.

"Perhaps you will not answer me?"

"Indeed I will, Daisy. Why not?"

"It is about—Rosaline Bell." She could scarcely get the words out for agitation.

Frank was startled. It was quite evident that he was unprepared for any such topic. It seemed to *frighten* him. Else why that sudden change of countenance, that sudden drop of Daisy's arm? Her heart fell.

"What of her?" asked Frank, quite sharply. For in truth he believed Daisy was about to question him, not of Rosaline herself, but of that mysterious rumor connected with her father and the Bottomless Shaft; and it grated on him terribly.

"I see it is true," gasped Daisy. "Oh! why did you marry me?"

"What is true?" returned Frank, unpleasantly agitated.

"That you—that you—were fond of Rosaline Bell. You loved her all along. Before you loved me!"

The charge was so very different from what he had been fearing, that Frank felt for the moment bewildered: bewildered in the midst of his inexpressible relief. He stood still, turned Daisy so that she faced him, and gazed into her eyes.

"*What* is it that you say, my dear. I don't understand."

Daisy shook and shivered, but did not speak.

"That I love Rosaline Bell? I never loved her. What in the world put such an idea in your head?"

For answer Daisy burst into tears. "She—she was so beautiful!"

"Beautiful! Of course she is beautiful. And I admired her beauty, Daisy, if it comes to that, as much as other people did. But as to loving Rosaline Bell, that is a mistake. I never felt a spark of love for her. What a goose you must be, Daisy!—And why on earth should you have taken up the fancy just now?"

Daisy sobbed too much to answer. She nearly believed what he said, for no doubt lay in his earnest tone, and suffered herself to be soothed. She would have quite believed it, but for Frank's signs of discomfiture at the introduction of the girl's name. Frank held her to him as they walked underneath the trees, and kissed her tear-stained face from time to time.

"You need not doubt my love, Daisy. That at least is yours."

They parted more hopefully than usual, for Frank assured her it could not be above a day or two ere he claimed her openly; and Daisy felt that she might believe him in all respects; and she resolutely flung aside her jealousy.

"Fare you well, my darling. A short while now—we may count it by the hours—and all this will be over."

He went home by way of the Bare Plain. And by so doing—and it was not very often now he chose that route—fell into an adventure he had not bargained for. Round and about the Bottomless Shaft had collected a crowd of men, who were making much commotion.

It appeared that the rumors, touching Josiah Bell, had this night reached what might be called a climax. Miners had gone off from various quarters to the alleged scene of Mr. Blase's dream, and were plunging into the mystery con amore. As many as could press around the pit's mouth were holding on to one another for safety and hanging dangerously over it, as if by that means they could solve the problem of who and what might be lying within. Others stood at a distance, making free comments, momentarily taking their pipes out of their mouths to speak. Mrs. Bell, getting to hear of the stir, had tied a white-spotted yellow silk square (once Josiah's Sunday-going handkerchief) over her cap, and come out to make one of the throng. It was a very light and hot night, daylight scarcely gone, and the western sky bright with a pale amber. The rugged faces of the miners and the red glow from their pipes, coupled with the commotion that stirred them, made a strange scene.

"Are you here, Mrs. Bell?" cried Frank, as he discerned her on the outskirts of the crowd. "What is it that is the matter?"

"There's nothing the matter," interposed Blase Pellet. And Frank turned on his heel to face the speaker in the moment's impulse, for he had not known that he was there. "What the plague all the town has come out for like this, I can't think. Let them mind their own business."

"But we consider that it is our business, don't you see, Blase," put in Andrew Float in his civil way. "Our poor vanished mate is either lying down there in the stones and ashes, or he isn't; and we'd like to make sure which it were."

"Well, then, he is *not*," returned Blase: and he disappeared amid the throng.

"Has anything fresh arisen?" inquired a quiet voice at this juncture—that of Dr. Raynor—addressing both Frank and Mrs. Bell, who were standing side by side. The Doctor, observing from his window a great number of people, evidently in excitement, making for the Bare Plain, had come forth himself to learn what the movement meant.

"I can't find out that there's anything fresh, sir," was the dame's answer. "Amid such confusion one don't easily get to the bottom of things. Andrew Float says 'twas just a thought that took 'em as they sat over their cups at the Golden Shaft—that they'd come off and have a look down the pit's mouth; and others, seeing them, followed. But I'd hardly think anything so simple could have brought all these."

"They must have had some reason for coming," remarked the Doctor, gazing at the ever-increasing crowd.

"Blase Pellet has just said there is no reason," rejoined Frank. "I should advise you not to stand out here long," he added, to Mrs. Bell.

"Blase Pellet's nobody to go by; he'll say one thing to-day, and another to-morrow," hastily rejoined Dame Bell, as she turned on the path that led to her home; they turning with her.

"I think the dreams, that he says he has, are not much to go by," observed Dr. Raynor, quietly.

"Oh, but that dream was," said Dame Bell. "And I've never had a good night's rest, sir, since I heard it, and that's more than a week ago. I can't get to sleep at night for thinking of it."

"I am sorry to hear you say so, Mrs. Bell: I thought you had better sense. Pellet must have been very foolish to tell you of it."

"'Twasn't him that did tell me, Dr. Raynor. Leastways, not off-hand. It was Nancy Tomson. She came into my place one morning when I was down on my knees after breakfast whitening the hearth-flag; and I saw how scared her face looked, sir. 'Guess what they be saying now,' says she to me: they've got a tale that your husband is a lying in the Bottomless Shaft.' Well, sir, I stared at her, sitting back, as I knelt, with a piece of stone in my hand: for you see I thought she meant he was lying there asleep; I thought no worse. 'Go along with you, Nancy,' says I; 'as if Bell would lie himself down to sleep near that shaft!' 'Oh, it's not near it, but *in* it,' says she; 'and it's not sleeping he is, but dead. Anyway,' she goes on, seeing I didn't believe her, 'it's what the men be saying.' Well, Doctor, though I found every soul in the place saying the same thing, for four-and-twenty hours, I could not get to learn why they said it. Andrew Float told me at last. He said it was through a dream of Blase Pellet's."

Dr. Raynor, listening attentively, made no comment.

"I got Pellet before me, sir, and he made a clean breast of it. He had not intended to let me know it, he said—and I don't think he had: but I did know it, and so it was no use his holding out. It was a dreadful dream, he said. He had seen my poor husband lying at the bottom of that deep shaft, dead; seen him as plain as he had ever seen anything in all his life. When he woke up, he was all in a hot horror, his hair standing on end."

"Ah," said the Doctor quietly, his tone one of utter disbelief, though Mrs. Bell did not detect it. "Did he intimate, pray, how long Bell had been lying there?"

"It was what I asked him, sir, when I could get my breath together. A good three months, he was sure, he said: which must have brought it back, sir, you see, to the time he disappeared."

"Yes, I do see," observed the Doctor, rather pointedly. "Well, I put no faith in dreams, Mrs. Bell, and I would advise you to put none. Good night. Get indoors as soon as you can."

Dr. Raynor turned homewards, making a circuit to avoid the throng. Frank began whistling softly to himself, as a man sometimes does when absorbed in thought.

"What is your opinion of this, Frank?" asked the Doctor, abruptly.

"I can form none, sir. Why they should collect ——"

"Not that," interrupted the Doctor. "One fool makes many. I spoke of Blase Pellet's alleged dream. I, myself, believe he had nothing of the kind; but what puzzles me is, his motive for saying that he had. Some men are gifted with a propensity for astounding their fellow-creatures with marvellous tales. To create a sensation, they'd say they have been hung, drawn, quartered, and brought to life again. But Pellet is not one of these: he is quiet, reticent, and practical."

Frank made no answering observation. They were nearly abreast now of the Bottomless Shaft, and of the crowd surging around it.

"I could almost think that he *knows* Bell is in there," resumed the Doctor, dropping his voice. "That he must have been privy to the accident—if it was an accident—that put poor Bell down, perhaps took part in it ——"

"Oh, no, no! It is not likely he would take part in anything of the kind, Uncle Hugh."

"If I don't quite think it, it is because there are one or two stumbling-blocks in the way," went on Dr. Raynor with composure, and paying no heed to the interruption. "Had Pellet been a witness to any accident—any false slip of Bell's, for instance, on the edge of the pit—he would have spoken of it at the time. Had he taken any part in it—inadvertently, say, for I don't think Pellet would do so willingly—and hushed it up, he would not be likely to invent a dream now, and so draw attention again to what had nearly died away. Nevertheless, I am sure there is something or other in this new stir of Mr. Pellet's that does not appear on the surface."

Dr. Raynor quitted the subject, to the intense relief of his nephew; took off his hat in the warm night, and began to talk of the evening star, shining before them in all its brilliancy.

"A little while, Frank, a few more poor weeks, or months, or years, given to the fret and care of this earthly life, and we shall, I suppose, know what these stars are; shall have entered on our heavenly life hereafter."

Major Raynor's expected letter came to Frank on the following morning. As he opened it, a bank note for £20 dropped out, which the generous-hearted Major had sent as an earnest of his good-will.

MY DEAR BOY—I am sorry to have to tell you that the legacy left you by your Aunt Ann is only five hundred pounds. I confess that I thought it would have turned out to be at least three thousand. Of course I shall make it up to you. We cannot yet put our hands upon the securities for the accumulated money; but as soon as we do so, you shall have a check from me for three thousand pounds.

I hope my brother is better, and Edina well. I wish she could be at Spring Lawn to help in the packing up, and all the rest of it. They come up to Eagles' Nest next week; and how they will get away without Edina to start them, I cannot think. My best affection to all.

Ever your attached uncle,
FRANCIS RAYNOR.

"I wonder how it is," mused Frank, as he slowly folded the letter, "that in all our needs and necessities and troubles, we instinctively turn to Edina?"

CHAPTER XVI.

BROUGHT TO THE SURFACE.

The Reverend Mr. Backup, in charge just now of the spiritual welfare of Trennach, had read out the banns of marriage on three separate Sundays, between Aaron Pitt, bachelor, and Naomi Perkins, spinster. On the Monday morning following the last announcement, Aaron, who was a young miner, and Naomi, who was nothing at all, and not good for much, either, in the shape of usefulness, presented themselves at the church with their respective friends, for the purpose of being united.

This was the second marriage ceremony that Mr. Backup had had to perform since his sojourn at Trennach. He got through it pretty much as he had the first; namely, with a good deal of inward doubt and hesitation, but successfully as to the result; inasmuch as he was able, at the conclusion, to pronounce them man and wife, without having broken down.

Clerk Trim was present, flourishing in all the importance of his office. Mrs. Trim also. Being on terms of social intimacy with the parties in private life, Mrs. Trim had smartened herself up, and stepped into the church to look on, making one with the rest at the altar rails. After the ceremony, came the business in the vestry. Trim got out the register book, and was opening it to place it before Mr. Backup, when a fresh entry in it caught his eye. The clerk knew every page of the register book as well as he knew his own Sunday shoes; which were made after the fashion of pumps, with big ties of black ribbon in front.

"Mercy upon us!" cried he in his astonishment. "Here's a new marriage wrote down!"

The exclamation caused the party to gather round him. Mr. Backup, remembering the circumstances of the marriage, and that he himself was in the well-preserved secret turned nervous at once.

"Why it's—it's—it's Mr. Frank Raynor!" went on the clerk, staring at the page, and mastering its revelations but slowly in his conversation. "And Miss—Miss—Well, if ever I was so struck in my life! Did you marry them, sir?" holding out the book to the parson. "Is that your reverence's signature?"

His reverence took the book, muttered something quite foreign to the subject that nobody in the world could hear distinctly, himself included, and proceeded to enter the present marriage. As it was upon the same page, the parties signing it after him had the satisfaction of gratifying their own curiosity; and read, plainly as ink could show it, the names of Francis Raynor and Margaret St. Clare.

Now, had Clerk Trim been haply alone when he made this discovery, he, being a reticent and prudent man, would probably have kept the news to himself. But unfortunately he was not alone. Six or eight people were present, not counting the parson; and, half of them being females, the reader may be left to judge what chance there was of its being kept.

The first to spread it abroad was Mrs. Trim. The wedding company having dispersed—without any invitation to her to accompany them to the house of the bride's mother and partake of the feasting, of which she had cherished some slight hope—Mary Trim betook herself to Float, the druggist's. She had no particular work on hand that morning, and thought she could not do better than consecrate it to gossip. Mrs. Float, who was so far an invalid as that she was unable to do much for herself, having been crippled years ago, especially in the hands, by an attack of rheumatic fever, was in her usual chair by the fireside in the small parlor behind the shop, and Blase Pellet was pouring out some hot milk for her. Let the weather be never so warm, Mrs. Float would not go without her bit of fire; and perhaps she needed it. She was a stout, easy woman, who took the best and the worst sides of life with equal calmness; even her husband's attachment to the Golden Shaft. Of Blase Pellet she was very fond; for he was ever ready to render her little services, as he might to a mother. Blase Pellet had his good and his bad qualities—as most people; it was chiefly upon the subject of Rosaline Bell that he was crazed.

"I'll do that," said Mary Trim, taking the warming-can from him. "You are wanted in the shop, Mr. Pellet. A customer followed me in."

Putting the can within the fender, she gave the cup of milk to Mrs. Float; and at the same time regaled with an account of the discovery of the entry in the register. Mrs. Float, holding the cup to her mouth with feeble hands, listened and stared, and for once felt some surprise; while Blase Pellet behind the left-hand counter, changing one volume for another, caught a word here and there.

"What's that you've been saying about Mr. Raynor?" he demanded, reappearing before Mrs. Trim, after despatching the book-changer. "I don't believe a word of it."

"Then you can disbelieve it," was the tart retort; for Mrs. Trim did not like cold water to be thrown upon her assertions. "Mr. Backup himself married him; there's his reverence's own name writ down to the wedding."

"Married him to Miss St. Clare?"

"To Miss Margaret St. Clare. That's the pretty one. Don't you go disputing a body's word again, Blase Pellet. Fact is fact. Did you suppose they'd write down a lie? They registers 'ud be ticklish things to serve out in that form."

A knocking at the other counter with some copper money, and a calling out of "shop" in fierce and impatient tones, summoned Mr. Blase away again. This time he was wanted to make up a prescription for hair oil, which was composed of various choice ingredients. While he was doing it, his thoughts ran in so deep a groove that he scented it with oil of turpentine instead of bergamotte. And when the purchaser complained, Mr. Blase, after sniffing and looking, and finding out what he had done, being unable to alter it, protested that it was a new scent for the hair just come down from London.

"What a great fool I have been!" ran his reflections. "If it is Miss St. Clare that he has been in love with—and married her, too, in secret—it can't have been Rosaline Bell; and when Rosaline said, poor girl, that there was nothing between them, she must have told the truth. And there I've been and gone and stirred up all this blessed commotion about the old man!—and who is to know whether I shall be able to lay it?"

At any rate, Mr. Blase Pellet tried to "lay" it. He went forth at once, and earnestly assured everybody who would listen to him, that he found he had been mistaken in fancying he had had the dream.

It chanced that on this same Monday morning, Frank Raynor was about to take his departure for London. Whatever disorder it might be that was seizing hold of Dr. Raynor, one thing was certain—that it fluctuated greatly. And though but a few days had elapsed since the return of Edina, he had so visibly improved, both in appearance and in strength, that she thought he was getting well; and Frank felt less scruple in quitting him.

Frank, in his sanguine way, believed he had only to go to London to drop into some good thing; that the one and the other would be, as it were, a simultaneous process. On the spot one can do anything, he observed, when discussing the point with Dr. Raynor. Dr. Raynor did not oppose his going. Rather the contrary. If Frank went at all, now was the best time; for he knew that this spurt of health in himself, this renewed capability of exertion, would not last. For a time it might; not for ever. During his stay in London, Frank was to look out for, and engage, an assistant for his uncle; a qualified medical man, who might become the partner of Dr. Raynor, and might eventually succeed to his practice. In short, just the same kind of thing that Frank was hoping to find for himself with some first-rate medical man in London.

On the previous day, when the congregation was pouring out of church, after Mr. Backup's sermon, Frank and Daisy had contrived to exchange a few words, under cover of the crowd around. He told her that he was at length starting for town; and should only come back to claim her. It might be in a week's time—if he were fortunate and found what he wanted at once; or it might be a fortnight. Longer than that it could not be; for his uncle had given that as the extreme limit of his absence. Daisy returned the brief pressure of his hand, which he managed to give unseen, and glanced at him with her bright eyes, that had a whole sea of hope waving in their depths. The world looked very fair to them; and they felt that they had need of patience to endure this enforced separation before they might enter on its enjoyment together.

On that same Sunday, in the evening, Dr. Raynor spoke finally to Frank. They were sitting together, talking of this approaching sojourn in town; and of the great things it was to accomplish.

"Frank," said the Doctor, arousing himself from a reverie, "has it ever occurred to you to think that in carrying out this idea of settling in London, you may be throwing away the substance for the shadow?"

Frank Raynor's gay blue eyes took a wondering expression as they went out to the speaker. He did not catch the drift of the words.

"In what way, Uncle Hugh?"

"It seems to me that the very thing you are about to seek there is lying ready to your hand here."

Frank understood now. "You mean that I should remain with you, Uncle Hugh?"

"Yes. As my partner now, Frank. As my successor hereafter."

Frank Raynor slightly shook his head to imply dissent, but made no other answer.

"I say to you, Frank, what I would say to no one else, that the time before some one must succeed me is growing limited. It may be but a few weeks; it may be a few months; more than twelve months I do not think it can be. If——"

"Oh, Uncle Hugh!"

"Let me finish. I know I have your sympathy, my boy, and your best wishes; but all the sympathy and the good wishes in the world cannot alter the fiat which I fear has gone forth. Hear me, Frank. This has become a good practice now; it is a thousand pities that you should reject it and let it fall to the lot of a stranger."

"But, if I get a better practice than this in London, Uncle Hugh? I mean a more lucrative."

"But that is an uncertainty."

"Not much of one," said sanguine Frank.

"At any rate you will have to pay for it."

"Of course. But I can do that. Uncle Francis is going to make up my legacy to three thousand pounds, you know."

"I know that he says so."

"But—you *can't* doubt his word!" cried Frank, his eyes lifted again in genuine amazement.

"Not his word, Frank; no, nor his intention; both are good and honest as the day's bright. I only doubt his power."

"His power! What, with all that accumulated money just dropped into his hands!"

"But it has not yet dropped into them. It seems that a doubt exists where the money is, or whether there is any to drop."

"Oh, Uncle Hugh, it is sure to be found. I dare say it has already turned up."

"Well, I hope it has, Frank, and that you will reap the benefit you expect. Let it pass so. Still you must spend the money to ensure a practice; and the practice may not turn out to be as lucrative as you shall be led to expect. The practice here is sure; you need not spend your money to secure it; and in a brief space of time, a little sooner or a little later, it will be all in your hands."

"Uncle Hugh, you are very generous, very thoughtful for me; but indeed I could not settle at Trennach. There are reasons——"

Frank pulled himself up hastily. He was going on to say that for certain reasons this one small spot, on all the length and breadth of the world's surface, was barred to him. Rather would he pass his life on some rocky desert unfrequented by man, than within sight and sound of the Bare Plain.

"I do not like Trennach," he went on. "I could not stay here. For the last two or three months," he added in his candor, "I have been as restless as can be, wanting to get away from it."

"You want to be amid a more civilized community than these miners make," said the Doctor good-naturedly.

"Well—yes, Uncle Hugh. I do—when one is setting up for life."

"Then there's no more to be said," concluded Doctor Raynor.

So Frank held to his plan and his journey, and was this morning starting in pursuance of it. Never again, as he hoped, should he be staying at Trennach. Just a few days, as it was arranged, he would remain to introduce the new doctor—who would probably come down when he did—to people and places; and then he would bid it farewell forever, carrying Daisy with him.

Taking leave of his uncle and Edina, he set off to walk to the station, his light overcoat thrown back from his shoulders, and greeting everyone he met with a kindly word and a gay smile. The sky overhead was blue, calm, lovely, giving promise that the day would be fair to its end; just as Frank's hopeful heart seemed to give token that his would be a fair life.

"Good morning, Mr. Raynor."

The salutation came from the young parson. He stood leaning on the stile of his back garden, which overlooked the high road. Frank, answering cordially, was intending to pass onwards, but Mr. Backup hastily crossed the stile to speak to him.

"I am off to London," said Frank gaily. "Can I do anything for you?"

"I will not detain you a moment; I want to say just a word," spoke the clergyman, feeling already uncommonly shy and nervous at the thought of what that word was. "Mr. Raynor, I—I—I beg you to believe that I have implicitly kept secret that—that matter which you requested me to keep. But——"

"I know you have," cried Frank, extending his hand to the parson in token of gratitude, "and I thank you heartily. Not a soul knows of it."

"But—I was about to say that I fear it is a secret no longer. Another wedding took place in the church this morning, and the clerk read the entry of yours. Other people read it. They saw it when they signed the book."

The information was just about as complete a damper for Frank Raynor as could well have been administered to him. He stood perfectly still, his lips settling into a grave expression. Not that Frank much cared for the transpiring of the fact in itself; he had thought lately that if it did transpire, it might be a stroke of good luck for him, by giving him Daisy—kept from him in a prison until now. But what struck him was, that if this were true, it would stop his journey to London. Instead of going thither he must bend his steps to the Mount; for he could not leave Daisy alone to bear the brunt of the discovery.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

To those who are half their lives fiercely busy, the remaining half is often torpid without quiescence.

MEN intellectually great are few and far between; men in whom greatness and virtue equally combine are still more rarely to be met with.

THE best of lessons for a great many people would be to listen at a keyhole. It is a pity for such that the practice is dishonorable.

FARM AND GARDEN.

PROTECTION FOR TREES.—Young trees set this fall should have a mound of earth, a foot or more in height, raised around the foot of the stem, to steady them during heavy winds and prevent their being thrown by frost. This is less trouble and better than stakes.

A DIP FOR SHEEP.—Boil 28 lbs. of tobacco in 100 gallons of water, and 12 lbs. of sulphur, 1¼ lbs. of arsenic, and 2 boxes of concentrated lye. The tobacco is boiled until the leaf is gone from the stalk, and the sheep are dipped in the mixture when it is only lukewarm.

MICE AND RABBITS.—After snow-storms tramp the snow firmly around the trunks, to keep away mice. A strip of tarred paper, a foot or more wide, tied around the base, will prevent both rabbits and mice from gnawing. Blood sprinkled upon the trunks is the best to keep off rabbits on a large scale. Trap or shoot all rabbits found in the orchards or gardens, as they destroy shrubs as well as trees.

ADVICE TO DRIVERS.—When a horse falls whilst drawing a vehicle—

1. Jump down and hold the animal's head, to prevent his dashing it about to his own injury.
2. Loosen the check-rein (if you are so foolish as to use one) and the parts of the harness which fasten on the vehicle
3. Back the carriage, so as to get the shafts and traces clear.
4. Steady and support the horse's head, and excite him with hand and voice to rise.
5. When you get him up, pat and encourage him, and see if he is wounded or otherwise injured.
6. Let him stand still a short time and recover himself, and then proceed gently and with greater caution than before.

MEASURING CORN IN BULK.—Multiply the length, width and height together by inches and divide that product by 2,888. This will give the number of bushels in the crib or wagon box. For example, the crib that is twenty feet long, four feet wide, and eight feet high, holds 28⅘ bushels. And such a crib is 240 inches long, 48 inches wide, and 96 inches high, containing 1,105,920 inches. Divide that by 2,888 and it will give 28⅘ bushels. Again if your wagon bed is 11 feet long, 3 feet wide, and 17 inches deep, multiply 132 inches long, 36 inches wide, 36 inches deep, together, and it will make 80,784 inches. Divide by 2,888, and the bed will hold 20 7-9 bushels.

CARE OF STOCK.—It is absolutely necessary that all animals should be well sheltered from cold and damp. The reason why pigs or other animals do not fatten so readily in cold weather as in the warmer months is, that the food is largely used in keeping up the vital heat which is now given off in excess, and lost. If this loss is prevented, animals will fatten now as readily as at any other time. This is a very important time as regards sheep. If not carefully watched, they will soon fall off in condition, and this badly injures the wool, causing what is known as "break," which reduces its value to the manufacturer one half. A healthy condition can be maintained only by preventing crowding and heating in the yards and pens, and furnishing ample ventilation, good food in abundance, and pure water plentifully.

THE London *Veterinary Journal* advocates a simple and inexpensive appliance to prevent horses from falling in winter. It consists simply of one or more steel studs, set into the horse's shoe. One in front is sufficient, but for heavy work two more at the sides are recommended. The stud is a square bit of steel nearly an inch long, pointed at one end and tapering slightly from about the middle of the other that enters the shoe. No filing or finishing is necessary, and any blacksmith can make a large number in a very short time out of an old rasp or file. The stud must fit tightly, care being taken that it does not "wobble," and that it does not pass quite through the shoe. The hole is made with an ordinary square punch. This simple system has proved very efficient after an extensive trial, and saves horses great pain, suffering and often fatal injury.

TAR ON FRUIT TREES.—According to the experience of Mr. Henry Reynolds, of Montgomery county, N. C., tar is a perfect remedy for scarred and sun-cracked apple trees. He says, that by coating with new tar the trunk of a favorite fruit-bearer that was cracked and so decayed that the bark was dead and would peel off, he has restored it fully. He applies it to all branches that show signs of decay. Since practising this cheap remedy, he has not been troubled with insects. By applying tar to the trunk, and clearing away the surface at the roots, so as to let it run down on them, peach trees badly damaged by borers are fully restored. Replace the dirt and you will have no more trouble with the tree for two years or more. If the tar is applied to young trees the borers will not trouble them at all. He states that the coating should be applied in the winter, or early in the spring, with new tar.

WOOL.—It will always be best for a farmer to produce wool of one sort or the other. Wool that is neither one thing nor the other, neither long nor short, will not usually command a satisfactory price so readily as if it were clipped from Merino sheep or from the backs of some long-wooled breed. An intelligent dealer in wool assures us that good delaine wool should be at least three inches in length, and be a round, strong staple. The practice of buying wool at an average price per pound, without regard to its quality and condition, is paying a premium for and encouraging the growth of poor and dirty wool, for grease and filth cost but a trifle per pound compared with choice, clean wool. Wool growers who raise wool above the average as to the quality and condition can do better than to sell it at an average price by sending it to a reliable commission merchant, where it will be sorted and sold according to its merits. This is a safe and satisfactory way to sell good wool. It is not to be expected that wool buyers will advise farmers to thus dispose of their wool, for it deprives them of all the commission for buying, besides some twelve cents per pound extra in addition for all the delaine wool sorted out by them.

THE BLUE FAIRY.

A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

The Christmas tree was dressed, and Curly Locks knew it. If she could only get a peep at it she would be satisfied, but the parlor door was fast closed, so to remain until supper was over. Could she ever wait so long? She did not dare to try if she could enter, so she ran out on the piazza to her little friends, hoping the time would not seem so very long before her desire for a sight of that beautiful tree could be gratified. She knew it was beautiful, for mamma and papa said so, besides, it was full of fairies—fairies with wings, and birds and golden fruit; indeed, it would be impossible to tell of all the wonderful things this tree contained.

Curly Locks heard some one walking in the entry, and ran to see who was there. It was Katie—careless Katie—going into the parlor on some errand for mamma. Suppose she should leave the door open when she came out, if it was ever so little space that she might peep through, would it not be glorious? And sure enough careless Katie well deserved her name, for closing the door with a bang the latch failed to fasten, and the very space was left that the child had been so eagerly wishing for.

To steal softly in was the work of a moment, and as the magnificent tree stood revealed to her view she was lost in amazement; all minor things were forgotten as she gazed with wondering eyes at the vast treasures with which the branches were loaded. Fairies! why there was any quantity of them, fairies of every kind, and prominent among them all was such a beauty, arrayed in blue and silver, with little tinkling bells and wreaths of roses all about her. Then there were birds just ready to fly, colored lanterns waiting to be lighted, gold and silver fruit, besides luscious oranges, peaches, pears, plums and such a wealth of great clusters of grapes; also ladies riding in carriages with horses on a full gallop.

The little girl was enchanted and sank down in papa's great easy chair, overcome by sheer fatigue from gazing at so many beautiful objects, for in all her life she had never imagined anything half so splendid before.

Curly Locks saw away up on the tree, very many little old men, with long, white beards, staggering under the weight of heavy baskets which they carried on their shoulders, and she wondered what they contained. There was Santa Claus, too, almost at the top of the tree, so high up that she could scarcely see him at all, and such an immensity of glittering rings and chains, that her eyes were quite dazzled with their splendor.

She wondered what mamma would say if she knew her little girl had stolen, without permission, into the sacred precincts of the parlor; and how would she ever get out again without being seen? If she had only waited for the rest how much better it would have been. Thinking thus, she nestled down into the great arm-chair. It was such a cosy place to be in, so soft with cushions, and she so weary, playing so hard all day, and the beautiful tree just before her, with the little blue fairy gazing right down into her face.

The little girl sat quiet for a long time, her eyes cast down to the floor, thinking of the consequences of her disobedience, when she was startled by the sound of low, sweet music. She looked quickly around, and could scarcely believe real the sight which met her eyes, for the blue fairy had descended from the tree, and, waving to and fro a wand she carried in her hand, was warbling in an exquisitely-toned voice, the following incantation:

> Fairies of the Christmas tree,
> At my summons fly to me!
> Round your queen come gather all.
> For a Christmas Carnival!
> So that Curly Locks may see
> Wonders from the Christmas tree!

At this summons, there was a flutter of wings, and gentle wavelets of air passed over the wondering face of Curly Locks. Fairies from all parts of the tree were soon clustered around the singer. Birds with their glittering plumage, hovered about, the lanterns were lighted as if by magic, and away on the soft carpet tripped the fairies, their twinkling feet lost in the mazes of a merry dance. Carriages with the beautiful ladies and swift ponies drove rapidly along, and the little white bearded men unloaded their baskets and heaped up great piles of chrystalized sugar plums of every hue in all parts of the room. Santa Claus, too, with his good-natured countenance, walked over the floor, blowing huge masses of smoke from a little stump of a pipe, and making the air redolent with the sweetest perfume. The beautiful fruit was rolling about the floor impelled by unseen hands, and everything was in motion.

Curly Locks sat quietly in her corner of the great arm-chair, watching, with eager eyes, this enchanting spectacle, when suddenly the blue fairy disengaging herself from the clinging arms of her companions, with a gliding motion approached the amazed child, and with a graceful bound poised herself on her tiny feet on the trembling knee of Curly Locks, bearing in her arms a little ornamented jewel casket.

Sweetly smiling, she spoke with a voice like the far-off echo of an æolian harp: "Dear little Curly Locks," she said, "I bring to you a fairy gift which you must ever wear in remembrance of this day,"—and touching the lid of the casket, it immediately opened and the little girl beheld inside, lying on a bed of quilted satin, a bracelet brilliant with precious stones, yet so tiny that it would scarcely encircle her smallest finger. The fairy, taking it in her hands, said:

"Let me clasp it on your arm, and when your eyes rest on it, remember the little fairy Melanie, who is now before you. Besides its extreme beauty," she continued, "this jewel possesses other qualities far more valuable to its owner. Give heed to its warnings, and it will ensure to you not only amiability of character, but also the warmest affection from all whom you most value. So long as your conduct is free from blemish, the bracelet will remain passive on your arm, but when temptations assail you, and in your weakness you are ready to yield to them, you will find it cling tight to you, and the greater the danger, the more painful will be the pressure. Be attentive to its admonitions, and be happy! And now a merry Christmas to you, little Curly Locks!"

As the blue fairy lifted the bracelet from the casket, the little girl was surprised to see it enlarge until, when adjusted to her arm, it fitted to a nicety. The fairy then flitted away, and Curly Locks saw her alight among her companions, when the hurly-burly once again raged around her with increasing violence.

The little girl once more was lost in a reverie. Again she thought of mamma, and a feeling of dread came over her as she saw the beautiful things tossing at such a wild rate about the floor. The grapes were crushed, the golden fruit broken, the birds were scarcely able to fly, the little men were languid and drooping, the pretty lanterns were burning out, and even Santa Claus put his pipe in his pocket, and sat down with a weary sigh on a footstool in the corner.

Curly Locks was troubled; she would surely be blamed for all this mischief. What should she do? If it was only possible, she would steal from the parlor and stoutly deny ever having been there at all! Scarcely had this thought dawned upon her, when a sudden pain seized her; the bracelet was warning her already, and was pressing almost into the very flesh! With a rapid motion, she sprang from the chair to find herself in the presence of all the family. It was dark night, and the gas lights were faintly burning; but the tree was glowing with its many colored lanterns; the fairies were all in their places; the golden fruit once more shone in its proper location; the little, old men were again bending under their heavy load of goodies; the ladies were driving among the branches, and, in fine, all things were again restored to order.

Curly Locks was bewildered. Little brothers and sisters were laughing, and Mamma was holding her fast in her loving arms. She looked for the blue fairy, and found her in the old place, very demure and innocent, just as if she had been there all the time, and had never played such mischievous pranks as the little girl had just been the witness of! She looked at her arm. There, sure enough, was the beautiful bracelet! But when Curly Locks related her wonderful story, all the little folks thought Mamma looked wise, and knew more about the bracelet, at any rate, than she chose to tell.

HERE AND THERE.

A GERMAN, proud of his philological acquirements: "Dou zeezt mine tear, I zbeg owl de languaiches off Eurob." "And with the same accent."

A BOSTON bride is a cross between Webster's Dictionary, in white satin, and the *Scientific Monthly*, in pull-back and furbelows.

"WHAT does 'Good Friday' mean?" asked one schoolboy of another. "You had better go home and read your 'Robinson Crusoe,'" was the withering reply.

CELEBRATION OF A WOODEN WEDDING.—The Charleston *Courier* says that a young widow of that place has just celebrated her wooden wedding by marrying a blockhead.

"MY business is to talk," said a stump speaker; "I deal in words and sentences." "Yes," said a voice in the crowd, "and as long as I've known you, your place of business has never been closed."

GEORGE ELIOT says that the peculiar waving motion of the feelers of the common cockroach are not indicative of derision or contempt, but are the expressions of an earnest soul vainly striving to grasp a vanishing idea!

A WOMAN recently climbed a score in Connecticut, and sat down in front of an iron safe to warm her feet. After sitting some twenty or thirty minutes, she remarked that she "never did like them kind of stoves—they didn't throw out scarcely any kind of heat, those gas burners didn't."

THE question arising in a Sunday School as to why God created all the animals of the fields and sea and air before man, no one gave a solution to it until a little boy springing up said: "I know: it's because he didn't want the man hanging around while he was making 'em."

AFTER looking at the picture of a spouting whale for a long time, a little boy seemed to become more and more puzzled. At last he turned to his uncle, and, pointing to the picture, said: "Uncle Ned, what is that?" On being told that it was a whale, he looked at it again, and said: "Oh my, doesn't he sneeze an awful long way?"

A SPRINGFIELD butcher was invited the other night to attend a minstrel show, but positively declined, even when a free ticket was offered him. When pressed for a reason he replied: "If I should go I should see so many people who owe me for meat that it would spoil all my fun."

A MAN innocently spoiled a sermon and a prayer by exclaiming, while the tears rolled down his cheeks: "Lord, Thou knowest I have been an awful sinner, the chief among ten thousand and one altogether lovely;" while another said: "I thought I'd got religion a couple of months ago, but I think it was fever and ague—but now I've got it!" (He didn't say which.)

BOUGHT BY AN AGENT.—In a thriving town in Michigan, when the country was full of agents, and almost everybody was agent for something or other, an infant there being blessed by the advent of a baby-brother, was very inquisitive as to where the little stranger came from. Being informed that Dr. S— had brought it, he stood in a brown study for a moment, when, with the intelligent look of one who has solved a difficult matter, he asked: "Say, pa, is he the agent for them?"

SEVERAL amusing incidents occurred during the recent visit of President-elect Hayes to Toledo. One gentleman approached him, and shaking him warmly by the hand said: "Governor, allow me to congratulate you, I—I—guess, on being elected President." "That reminds me," said the Governor, smiling, "of a congratulation another gentleman tendered me the other day. 'I congratulate you, said he 'on going into the White House, if you are elected; and if not, allow me to tender you my congratulations on your narrow escape.'"

THE friends of Mark Twain in Hartford, Conn., are telling a good story at the expense of the humorist. Mark was so impressed with a funny story which a Vermont countryman had told to a friend that, intending to it put into a new book, he sent $50 to the countryman, asking him to write out the story and send it on. In due time back came the story, with the explanation from the countryman that not "bein' much at writin'" he had got the local editor to fix it up, and he enclosed the printed copy, cut from the village newspaper.

HERE are some fine specimens of the American gift for exaggeration:—"We are told of grass in Colorado that is so short you must lather it before you can mow." "There was a man who stood on his head under a pile-driver to have a pair of tight boots driven on. He found himself shortly after in China perfectly naked, and without a cent in his pocket." "There is a man in the West so bow-legged that his pantaloons have to be cut with a circular saw." A Western editor said of a tornado, "It was a wind that just sat up on its hind legs and howled."

GEORGE W. FULLER, a submarine diver, was performing some work for "Uncle Sam" in one of the Southern ports, where it was customary for those who supplied the market with early garden-truck to load their boats and row them around to the wharf. It happened that one day a burly negro loaded his boat with watermelons, and had just reached the dock where the usual number of loungers stood watching the operations of the diver. The negro, all unconscious of his situation, was zealously endeavoring to dispose of his cargo, when Fuller suddenly emerged, helmet first, from the water, thrusting his goggle eyes and ugly head before the astonished occupant of the boat, and, seizing one of the largest of the melons, sunk immediately. The darkey with a yell and a bound, reached the pier, and neither stopped nor turned until he reached home with the tidings that de debble had "fiscated de melons."

A Valuable Medical Treatise.

The edition for 1877 of the Sterling Medical Annual, known as Hostetter's Almanac is now ready, and may be obtained, free of cost of druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the United States and British America, and indeed in every civilized portion of the Western Hemisphere. This Almanac has been issued regularly at the commencement of every year for over one-fifth of a century. It combines, with the soundest practical advice for the preservation and restoration of health, a large amount of interesting and amusing light reading, and the calendar, and astronomical calculations, chronological items, etc., are prepared with great care and will be found entirely accurate. The issue of Hostetter's Almanac for 1877 will probably be the largest edition of a medical work ever published in any country. The proprietors, Messrs. Hostetter & Smith Pittsburgh Pa., on receipt of a two cent stamp will forward by mail to any person who cannot procure one in his neighborhood.

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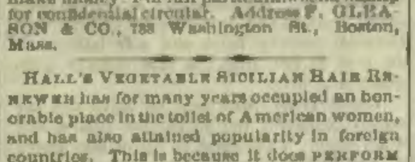

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THE FASHIONS.

A very handsome toilette for a lady of advanced age, was shown us lately. The materials were a rich plaided velvet, combined with *matelasse* silk. The foundation of the plaided velvet was a deep plum-color, bordering on dark blue, while the raised squares or "plaids," as they are generally termed, were of a shade lighter and were bisected with stripes of pale lilac. The dress was cut *Gabrielle*, and had a long square train. The front was crossed by two folded scarfs of *matelasse* silk of rich plum-color. These scarfs had deep fringe at the ends, which were crossed in the back under a soft *puf*, formed by looping the skirt under the seams with tapes. A simulated basque was formed in front by pieces of *matelasse* silk, set in at the shoulders. A plastron of silk was also placed down the centre of the back of the waist and fell in a square tab over the *tournure*. A heavy silk cord was placed at the bottom of the dress skirt. The sleeves were half-flowing and cut open as far as the elbow, disclosing tight coat sleeve of *matelasse* silk. Twelve small buttons of velvet were placed on the outer seam of each undersleeve, commencing at the wrist. A high pleated collar of *matelasse* finishes the neck. Buttons of velvet closed the front.

A Charlotte Corday cap made of the sheerest silk tulle and bordered with a four-inch frill of Honiton or point lace, above which was a band, loosely twisted, of plum-colored *faille* ribbon, which fell in two loops at the back was worn with this very handsome toilette.

A street costume of navy blue silk and cashmere, had the underskirt of silk, with cashmere flounce. The flounce edged with a knife-pleating of silk. The overskirt of cashmere, had a knife-pleating of silk around it, and was looped high on the left side. A deep sacque of cashmere with pointed fronts trimmed with a row of knife-pleating of silk. When worn in the house a short sleeveless sacque of the silk was preferred to the longer cashmere sacque. This latter was lined and wadded, and had wide, hanging Dolman sleeves, edged with knife-pleating of silk, and also lined with silk. Loops of navy blue ribbon hung from the centre of the neck-band at the back and also in front. Hat of navy blue velvet with band of peacock feathers (breast feathers) around the crown. A lophophore wing was placed at the back, and two pale pink roses set under the rim on the left side, nearer the back than front of the hat. Muff of dark navy blue velvet with bands of peacock breast feathers around the ends and also the centre.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Dark maroon colored and chestnut brown ties, brocaded in leaves and flowers of a lighter shade of the same color, are much worn.

Long veils of black silk tulle, covering the face *en masque*, and carelessly wound about the throat, are fashionable.

Small, close-fitting *capote* bonnets, of velvet to match suits are worn.

Polish boots of black and brown *matelasse* silk, fur-tipped, are among the luxuries.

Coquettish breakfast caps of sheer Swiss muslin or tulle, gathered up into a dainty *puf* on top of the head, and encircled by a loosely-twisted band of tartan plaid ribbon, with long loops and ends falling over the left shoulder, are very fashionable.

The loose seal-skin sacques are much more elegant looking than those which fit in to the figure.

Ladies are growing tired of Dolman capes, since Bridget goes out with a scant imitation [illegible] figure.

Combinations of very dark cardinal and navy blue silk are used for trimming hats for young ladies.

The popular Gainsborough is disappearing.

There is a rumor, shocking to fine taste, that the next fancy in color will be a dark shade of orange.

Olive-green is becoming to delicately tinted complexions.

Heavy silks are being made with plain skirts and deep overskirts, trimmed with lace or fringe.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Homer and Colladay for information received.

OUR WORK TABLE.

Among the many pretty articles which can be made easily at home are shell-brackets, made from the ordinary scallop shell, and frames, etc., made from spruce twigs.

For the first mentioned articles, from ten to twelve shells, of about five inches in length, and six or seven wide, will be needed; also, some small, finely-polished periwinkle shells, and, if desired, any small, bright-tinted varieties. Some putty, a skeleton frame of a bracket, and a small quanty of white paint.

The prettiest shape for the bracket frame is an oval piece at the top to rest against the wall, a half round for the shelf, and another half oval, point downwards, to support the shelf.

Let it be understood that these pieces are not solid, but in skeleton or outline form.

Putty must be carefully spread along the edges.

Commence with the upper half oval.

Place two shells of the same size, scalloped edge upwards, and scooped out or hollow part inwards.

Press firmly against the putty spread upon the oval edges.

Next spread a little putty upon the upper edges of the shells near the centre.

Place a third shell upon the the centre of the base of the half-oval, formed by the two lower shells.

Any glimpse of the wooden framework left should be concealed by putty and the smaller shells laid with regard to artistic effect.

Arrange the lower half-oval in the same manner as the upper one, only, of course, having the point downwards.

For the shelf, place two smaller shells side by side, with the hollow part turned up.

Place a third in front of the two, and fill the interstices with putty and small shells.

After all is dry take a fine brush and paint over any portions of putty visible, also the under sides of the frame.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"LILLY VERNON."—The paper-weight would be a very suitable gift, we think. A portmonae of seal fur would be nice for your sister, and match her sacque and turban.

Miss ANNA FELTHOUSE, Ohio.—Received your letter and sent design by mail, Dec. 8th.

BEATRICE.—Poloraise described in our Fashion article is a French pattern—really Parisian, too, and not merely so-called. We furnish them upon receipt of seventy cents. 2d, Your dark green silk is very fashionable now. Make it over with sleeveless jacket, of dark green velvet, and trim skirt and overskirt with bias folds of velvet and deep knotted fringe. 3d. The silver-gilt combs can be worn for evening, but are rather questionable taste for morning toilette. Very happy to answer your questions. NINON.

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If answers to queries are desired in any special number of paper, then inquiries must be sent at least two weeks beforehand.

We respectfully request that these suggestions be attended to carefully by correspondents. Address, *Fashion Editress*,

Care Messrs. BENNET & FITCH,
Editors Saturday Evening Post,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia.

GLEAMS FROM THE LAND OF GOLD.—No. II.

BY MRS. ELLEN L. PARKER.

Yo Semite! This most awfully grand of all the Creator's works! Hard is it to express the emotions awakened by the sight of its glories, and only can Ruskin's words, in his description of mountain sublimity, paint the awe and admiration of the gazer on "Yo Semite." Examine the nature of your own emotions at the sight of a mountain, and you will find all the brightness of that emotion, hanging, like dew on gossamer, on a curious web of subtle fancy and imperfect knowledge. First, you have a vague idea of its size, coupled with wonder at the work of the Great Builder of its walls and foundations; then an apprehension of its eternity, a pathetic sense of its perpetualness, and you own transientness, then, and in this very sadness, a strange communion with the ages that have gone before. Then come an understanding of all the gifts and glories of the heights. The fancying forth of all the fountains that have been welled from its rocky walls, and strong rivers that have been born out of its ice. While together with these thoughts rise strange sympathies with the unknown of human life, and happiness, and death, signified by that narrow white flame of the everlasting snow, seen so far in the morning sky.

Early one bright morning in June, we reached "Inspiration Point," from which spot the sight is the grandest that ever met the human gaze. On the right is a magnificent view of "Bridal Veil Falls," a perpetual avalanche of water, spreading as it descends into a veil of transparent mist, or as some one has said like the train of a great comet.

"El Capitan," at the left, rears his snowy head, while narrow defiles of romantic canons wait to usher us into Yo Semite that vale of verdure, shut in by cliffs and peaks, of miles in height.

From Black's Hotel, a most delightful sojourn for the tired tourist, can be obtained a view of "Yo Semite Falls," so overwhelming in its height, and so fascinating in its beauty, that one can sit for hours and drink in the enchantment. Six times the height of Niagara, this line of silver from the clouds comes dancing down, now gleaming out from the hills and then coquettishly hiding out of sight behind cliffs, to reappear in a torrent of snowy rockets of indescribable beauty.

At the rear of the hotel "Sentinel Rock," rears its august shape, as if keeping watch over all the solemn scene, and, in the distance, "The Three Brothers," repeating each other in grandeur and sublimity.

"Three silent pinnacles of aged snow."

seem as if in a dream they had appeared to Tennyson's vision, as, indeed, the whole valley finds a strange and most truthful description in this verse of the poet:

"A land of streams; some like a downward smoke,
Slow, dropping veils of thinnest lawn did go;
And some through wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumberous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river, seaward flow
From the inner land; far-off, three mountain tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow.
Stood sunset-flushed, and dewed with showery drops,
Upros[illegible] the shadowy pine above."

How true it seems to come back to oneself after Tennyson. And now we turn to "Half Dome," the loftiest and most imposing crest of granite in the valley. Five thousand feet high; it has never been trodden by human foot; a sublime revelation of mountain grandeur, so unique that its only possible rival in the world is the "Matterhorn," in Switzerland. In the side of this monarch of mountains, nature has hollowed out a perfect arch, and the Indians, in their poetic fancy, have called it "Indian baby basket."

All who visit Yo Semite, go by *mule-back* to Vernal and Nevada Falls. The perilous charm of knowing that one false step made by the patient, plodding animal you ride, will send you rather rapidly down a steep precipice, but if you will only ride by faith, as we all have to *walk* through life by that cardinal virtue, then shall you enjoy sights and sounds that well-repay one for the peril. Up the shaded road we go "winding about, in and out," beneath the sighing branches of the pines, gazing down into great gorges of shade, and listening to the river as it makes most perfect music, dashing over huge boulders, eddying round sharp corners, and leaping gaily down precipices, ever joyous and free, as is all nature in these glorious mountains. Soon we reach "Venal Fall," with a less body of water than the other falls, but still possessing the most fascination; like a *petite* woman, in comparison with the Amazonian beauty, making a graceful, sweeping curve over the hollowed-out wall (and what ages of time it has taken to do this) it seems to possess itself into a dignity of reserve, while it holds its waters for a time, intact, ere they separate in a graceful white drapery, showering over the gray rocks in a cascade of silvery foam.

Soon a turn in the trail brings us to a view of "Nevada Falls." It is as if the curtain to a panorama were suddenly withdrawn and a picture of unrivalled beauty greets the sight. Protectingly shadowed by "Half Dome" it leaps over cliffs and rocks which saucily try to impede its progress now hiding away, and now re-appearing in a shower of sparkling crystals called the "Diamond Cap."

From "Cloud's Rest" is a view well worth a pilgrimage to gaze upon. Here one stands at ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, and six thousand feet above the Valley. It seems as if nature had indeed piled up these rocky summits for the clouds to rest upon, and what grandeur and beauty lies at our feet. Above the summit of "South Dome" we can here appreciate its massiveness. And all Yo Semite with its wealth of mountains, falls and rivers lies before us. Far off the merced winds, like a thread of silver through the green, and anon a bright sheet of light dazzled the vision; it is Mirror Lake, in its verdant surroundings flashing like a diamond set in emeralds. After resting here for hours, and almost satiated with beauty, we remount the mules and—say our prayers, for it is much more dangerous descending than going up, we arrive in surprised safety at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, to find the most delicious bath awaiting us, with Florida and all cooling, fragrant waters, soft couches on which to rest, an exquisite lunch, in short, New York or Boston with any appliance of ease and luxury, close at hand, and the name of "John Smith," the genial host, will forever remain sacredly entwined in our memories.

Civilization must make poor human nature deteriorate; or why do we gladly rush from "Cloud's Rest" to "John Smith," to repose in contentment. "That mule" must be the scape-goat, and answer for our unwillingness always to soar above the clouds. One bit of the earth, earthy, we did hope to escape in the Valley. In all our travels through California, wherever we stopped, if there were only the inevitable saloon and the ubiquitous Chinaman, there was also the eternal "Wells & Fargo." Fondly we hoped to escape this financial ubiquity, but lo, right in the heart of sublime beauty, there it proclaimed itself ready to call your checks or return your lost trunks, and I cannot but believe that if we are ever deemed worthy to enter the abode of the blest, there we shall read again "Wells & Fargo," and find polite clerks, like Mr. Carter, ready to send down to Mother Earth for some book or bundle that forgetful feminines will be sure to leave behind.

And now to take a last look on all this glory and grandeur, and turn our steps towards San Francisco, passing through a lovely grove in which were trees five times the size of the largest on Boston Common, but as these were babies compared to those of the Calavaras, I will not give you the circumference. Soon we came to a slope a descent of five miles and three-quarters; not quite perpendicular, but nearly so; and our driver informed us when he reached the foot, that he had made it in seventeen minutes. I remembered the "John Gilpin" of my youthful days,

"And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I (not) be there to see."

Soon we reached the Chinese Lamp, where at Mr. Solensky's comfortable house we find every comfort, and stay long enough to recover our senses after our *descensus averni* with the redoubtable Jerry Hodgdon. Next we stop at Sonora, "the heart of the southern mines." It is estimated that this town yields one million a year of the gold that has made and marred so many lives. And now we are again in the city of the "Golden Gate," to visit from thence the "Geysers," which I will tell you of in my next, but San Francisco, with its wonderful growth of thirty years, is like a dream of enchantment. It is as if Alladin's lamp had been rubbed and lo, palaces appear.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LOVE IN A STOCKING.

BY PHILLIS.

It was a sunny, but bitterly cold morning in December. Regardless alike of icy walk and cutting wind, the tide of humanity, gay and in holiday attire flowed on, all apparently bent on forgetting self for at least a day, while gathering their Christmas offerings.

Belle Hilton, in her heavy wrappings of beaver and fur, stood watching a moment from the window the merry scene without and then hastened to the hall door to join the throng, when a sharp peremptory ringing of the library bell checked her steps.

With a shade of vexation on her handsome face, and a determination to secure a retreat before being observed, she hurried on, when the waiting boy darted into the hall and ran toward her.

"Miss Belle, please step into de libr'y, Mr Hilton says." His mistress' first impulse was to give vent to her wrath by a sharp tap on his ebony face and hurry away; but she only shook her finger threateningly and retraced her steps.

As Joe moved politely aside to let her pass, his great eyes rolled up with such a droll attempt at sympathy that a merry peal from the young lady greeted her father as she appeared before him.

"Tut—tut, my dear, what does this mean? Surely you will not venture out on a morning like this!"

"I assure you, father," [illegible] gravely from the table upon which his morning papers were spread, but Belle checked the reply by slipping her arms about his neck, and playfully holding her gloved hand on his lips.

"Now, papa," she began, pleadingly.

"Sit down, my flower, sit down; I have news for you!" he said nervously, as he fumbled among the papers and brought out a letter.

Quickly the young girl wheeled a chair to the table, and with wondering curiosity watched the repeated efforts of the old gentleman to adjust his spectacles comfortably.

"H-e-m! my dear; h-e-m-m! Really, I fear my cold is no better. Well, well, Mr. Harvey has asked for my daughter Belle!"

"Mr. Harvey!" echoed his listener, "Mr. Harvey!" she repeated, indignantly.

"Yes, daughter, do you not like him?"

"As a friend, sir, but of course nothing more. He is nearly old enough to be my father. What can the man be thinking of?"

"Of making my Belle his wife, it seems. He tells me he wished to consult me a year ago, but unfortunately was under the impression that you had accepted Fred Sherman. He discovered his mistake yesterday, when your aunt informed him that it was only a girlish flirtation, and that Fred no longer visited here."

The color fled suddenly from the daughter's face. The father's words fell like a blow on her heart. Its sudden throbbing alarmed her, and, fearing her secret might be read, she hastened to search for a glove she had dropped, and wheeled the chair out of the range of her father's eyes. He was still glancing over the letter, and to her infinite relief failed to see her agitation.

"He is a high-toned gentleman, my dear!" the father continued, "and I should think just the one such a girl as you could fancy."

"But I thought people always have to fall in love before they think of marrying?"

"Nonsense! The falling in love that young girls read of in novels is sheer nonsense, and foolish sentimentality. It makes a story read well; many think it looks finely on paper, but there is nothing practical in them. You respect him, and respect is an excellent foundation for a happy marriage. The right kind of love always follows. Depend upon it, Daisy, it is the only kind that lasts."

The daughter leaned forward in her bewitching way, and laid her little hand on his knee. Looking up in his face, she said, with mock gravity,

"I thought, sir, that you fell desperately in love with mamma, and could not fall out, though you tried with all your might."

This was presenting the subject in a light which he did not expect. He looked staggered a moment; then the dark eyes lighted up as the daughter had never seen them, as he said,

"To be sure, my daughter; but I reproached myself many times for marrying her. You know I had a long struggle with poverty, and your dear mother rejected a very wealthy man on my account. But our love was peculiar—" and, musing a moment, he added with softened voice, "There is no such love now-a-days."

"Do you know, Belle, that Mr. Harvey is very wealthy, and can give you one of the handsomest homes in the city?"

"Sell myself, eh, Papa?" The laughing tones quivered a little as she added: "Tired of your naughty girl?"

"Bless me, dear child! You know better; but I must reply to Mr. Harvey's letter. What shall I tell him, pet?"

"On such an important matter as becoming Mrs. Harvey, I must have time to reflect. Don't reply for two or three days, and in the meantime I will cautiously go over the whole ground pertaining to his virtues. Consult a fortune-teller, and ascertain how much pin money he will settle upon me."

And snatching up her muff, the merry girl ran out of the room.

When she reached the sidewalk, she found it almost impossible to keep firm foot hold. Groups of school girls passed laughing and shrieking in their vain attempts to walk properly. Sleighs were flying in every direction, the merry bells and gay voices of the sleighers making the scene quite festive. But Belle had neither eyes nor ears to enjoy it. The old pain had come back, and almost listlessly she picked her way down the street. She had hoped only the "girlish flirtation" had died out of her memory, when lo! the mention of the loved name alone had stirred the embers into flame. Fred's visits had ceased suddenly without explanation, and she could but conclude that all his devotion and protestations had been meaningless coquetry. She had given him her whole heart, and his faithlessness had well nigh crushed her. But womanly pride came to the rescue, and putting away the weakness, she believed her only feeling was indifference.

The foolish agitation which her father's words had caused wounded keenly her self-respect, and filled her with mortification.

She quite forgot the slippery pavement, so busy was she thinking. Two gentlemen approached, and mechanically she moved aside to pass them, when her foot slipped, and she would have fallen had not one of the gentlemen caught her. Looking up with a smile to thank him, she was surprised to see his companion raise his hat. Strange that the one who was troubling her thoughts should have thus crossed her path. It was a bow of cold politeness. Belle quietly and as coldly returned the salutation. As she passed on, her heart throbbed violently. She could not control that or the choking sensation in her throat, but her proud spirit felt an utter contempt for the heartless creature who had caused her so much suffering.

"I am justly punished," she murmured, "for my credulity. Papa is right. Falling in love does not last with the men at least."

Just then a superb pair of bays dashed by, and the most elegant sleigh she had ever seen. The lady and gentleman in it were looking directly at her, and with surprise she saw the gentleman lean eagerly forward and bow gallantly. A pretty blush suffused Belle's face as she recognized Mr. Harvey, and as she walked on a feeling of proud delight took possession of her heart, for all this splendor was at her disposal, and the gentlemanly, noble-looking suitor was one indeed who ought to please the fancy of any girl.

"Papa is right! I shall accept Mr. Harvey. Wealth shall not be looked upon lightly; and, as for love, it brings more pain than happiness."

Could this be the earnest, true-hearted maiden who had esteemed love the one jewel worth possessing, and marriage without it the basest sort of perjury? Had the fresh, sweet nature changed so soon to the cold, calculating woman of the world?

"O, Belle Hilton! You are actually going by without speaking! You are not in love, are you! You look dreamy enough to be. Do you know you have been put on the decorating committee for the church Christmas celebration? Of course you will accept. Indeed, you must, for we cannot do without your lovely taste."

"Cease, flatterer. I hardly think I shall have time to display my rare taste, if you will excuse me."

"No, Belle, dear, we cannot excuse you. We will have a delightful time. Several gentlemen are coming to assist us. You will be sorry if you do not join us." And until she saw signs of relenting.

"Well, well, Jennie, I'll come if you really think I can render you any service."

The ladies chatted a moment more and bade good morning. Belle to go on dreaming about her grand establishment where wealth should more than compensate for love.

But that night, when the world was shut out and the fair maiden went wandering through dreamland and among the fairy castles she had been rearing, the manly form that often walked beside her was not the elegant Mr. Harvey, but the one she had banished from her heart. At one time bending over her with pale, sad face, then vanishing, leaving her to wander alone in a dark forest, and when lost and distressed, flitting across her path, stern and cold, taunting her reproachfully as he hurried away. Anon the scene would change, and through flowery vales and soft balmy air he was at her side, his face radiant with peace and love.

When Belle came back to earth and her sunny chamber, she found her pillow wet with tears. Depressed in spirit and angry at her foolish dreams, she arose and hurriedly dressed, determined to dispel their influences by a long practice on the piano. She succeeded sufficiently to appear when the breakfast bell rang, as cheerful as usual.

But she was glad when afternoon came, the time appointed to meet the ladies at the church, and thus change the current of her thoughts.

When she reached the place, a bright scene greeted her. A fine evergreen had been planted in front of the pulpit and a gentleman mounted on a ladder was filling the branches with their brilliant fruitage. A pretty girl whose light flowing hair was tossed back from her sweet, laughing face, held above her head a basket from which the gentleman helped himself.

Some were hanging wreaths and devices; others festooning long ropes of holly and arbor vitæ, and some were in groups, filling bags with candies or arranging presents, while others flitted like bright birds from group to group, if not as useful as the rest, certainly making the picture charming and festive.

Belle was joyously welcomed and immediately threw off her hat and wraps.

"I am ready! What shall I do?" she asked, putting on a bewitching little apron, ruffled and pocketed. "Where is Jennie Austin? I believe I am on her Committee."

Jennie and a young lady and gentleman were forming letters on pasteboard, laughing quite hilariously over their work. At a little distance from the group, she saw a tall form bending over a pile of evergreen, briskly breaking off the twigs, and preparing them to be worked into letters. His back was toward them, but Belle started when she caught sight of the stooping figure. Though she could not see his face, only a glance was needed to tell her it was the companion of her dreams.

"O, Belle, I am delighted to see you!" cried Jennie, kissing her affectionately. "Miss Graham and Mr. Large, let me introduce to you my friend, Miss Hilton."

The stooping figure did not rise. Fortunately for both parties, Jennie for the moment forgot him,—he was so quiet in the corner.

"Pass on more of your bushes, young man," said Mr. Lloyd, as Belle settled herself by Jennie. The gentleman quietly arose and came toward them, with his basket filled. Jennie had opened her mouth to introduce them and looked surprised when she saw a mutual recognition. "I have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Hilton before, Miss Jennie."

Belle returned the salutation with a smile, but quick-witted Jennie saw the slight flush on her friend's face, and feeling she must come to the rescue, though she knew not why, she commenced rallying Mr. Lloyd for not working more rapidly, to which he replied so wittily that they were all in a merry mood again. Fred went back to his pile of evergreen, occasionally throwing in some gay remark.

"There! what do you think of that?" said Mr. Lloyd, holding up the end of the motto on which he had been working. "You see, most industrious young lady, that you could not have done without me, and that the indolence lies in another direction. I have beaten you completely! Done!"

"Done!" echoed Jennie, holding up hers the next moment, "Let us see the effect."

Mr. Lloyd held up one end of the pasteboard, while Belle took the other.

"Oh, this holly is cruel! It is as sharp as a needle!" cried Belle.

"Allow me," said Fred, taking it from her.

Just as he did so the fringe of her neck-tie caught on Fred's sleeve button.

"Ha! caught old boy!" laughed Mr. Lloyd, while Miss Graham took the pasteboard from Fred's hand to give him a better opportunity to disentangle the tie. Belle laughed as gay as the rest, but in the movement that it took to loosen the silken thread Fred could feel the quick throbbing of her heart and a longing he could hardly resist seized him to lay the proud head on his breast, where it had so often lain, though now he knew it belonged to another. Belle saw the trembling of his hand, and despairing his weakness, she impatiently drew out the pins that confined the bow and tore the fringe loose. Tying the ribbon again quickly, she hastened to Jennie's side, to note the effect of their work.

"Excellent! Just right!" they exclaimed.

"Then let us hang it as soon as possible," said Miss Graham, "for you remember that stocking is to be filled," and she started up the narrow stairs leading to the pulpit, followed by the rest. The motto was received with applause by the company assembled above, and while the gentlemen were engaged in putting it in place, the young ladies proceeded to arrange the presents in a red and white stocking, which lay stretched eight feet along the floor.

Mrs. Jones, the elderly lady who had been appointed commander-in-chief, just then came up.

"Jennie, several of the ladies are wishing particularly to consult you as soon as possible."

Away flew Jennie,

"Belle, my dear," the good lady continued, "you cannot manage this alone. (Miss Graham was gathering the gifts from a pew, where they were piled up, and conveying them to the platform.) You must have the assistance of one of the gentlemen. Here comes Mr. Sherman, just the right one."

"Indeed, ma'am, I do not need help," replied Belle, earnestly.

But it was too late. Belle must gracefully accept, or attract attention by a refusal.

"What can I do for you, ladies?" said Fred, addressing Mrs. Jones.

"Be kind enough to help Miss Hilton arrange these presents, will you?"

"With pleasure," said Fred, mounting the pulpit steps, while the commander bustled off to another part of the field.

"That stocking must have belonged to one of the giants killed by the famous Jack," as he seated himself beside Belle on the sofa, and lifted the top of the stocking from the floor and held it open at arm's length.

"I think so," answered Belle, dryly, [illegible] head through the opening, that she might place the little package in more neatly.

"I fear your arms will ache, Mr. Sherman, before I get through," she said laughingly, as she drew out her head and looked up into his face. The same sad, pale face she had seen in her dreams.

"I don't mind aching arms," he replied in a low, husky voice.

Belle quickly snatched up another pile and again disappeared. Playing Kriss Kringle under such circumstances, she began to think decidedly embarassing, and how to escape from the dilemma was the question. As she came out for a fresh supply her hand was grasped and held tightly. With flashing eyes she tried to snatch it away, but Fred held it fast.

"How dare you detain it against my will!" she whispered angrily.

"You must listen to me a moment, Belle! I know it is mean and dishonorable, ungentlemanly, if you like, when you belong to another. But, Belle! Belle! how could you deceive me so basely?"

"I deceive you! she echoed, indignantly." You who have proven yourself so utterly unworthy of even the respect of a true woman!"

Fred instantly dropped her hand. His fair accuser did not look up, but she knew her cruel words had not only astonished him but wounded him to the core.

"Pray, what do you mean, Miss Hilton?"

Something in the tone drew the young girl's face up quickly. His head was thrown back, the large grey eyes looking down at her with a stern, defiant expression, and the proud lips firmly compressed. The look sent chills to her heart, but she did not flinch from the gaze.

"Mean!" she repeated, in a voice calmer than his own; "I mean that when you were professing entire devotion to me, and demanding my whole heart, you were merely amusing yourself."

The white face quivered painfully, but he quietly listened.

"Do you believe what you are saying?" he asked hoarsely. "What excuse can you offer for engaging yourself to another when you were plighted to me?"

"Engaged to another!" There was no mistaking the look of utter astonishment in the puzzled face held up to him. A glad light broke over his own as he exclaimed:

"Can it be possible that I have been deceived through all these wretched months? Is your heart indeed free?"

The beautiful color came slowly into the lovely face, and the reply in a low, sad tone.

"As free as when I gave it all to you, Fred," and bursting into tears she took refuge in the stocking, this time not alone, for in a sudden transport of joy, Fred stooped and caught her in his arms.

Fortunately for them that it was Jennie Austin who came suddenly upon them. For a moment she looked bewildered and embarrassed, but taking in the situation, directly, and seeing a group of ladies approaching, she pretended to be assisting in the packing, while Belle slipped down the narrow stairs to hide her happy tears.

The next evening, the ever-memorable Christmas evening, at least to two young hearts, Mr. Hilton was quietly enjoying a cigar in the library.

There was a low tap at the door, and to his almost speechless astonishment, he saw Mr. Fred Sherman and his handsome daughter Belle standing before him.

"Father, I have come with my reply to Mr. Harvy's letter."

"Bless me, child, am I dreaming?"

"No, sir, I hope not dreaming," replied a manly voice with emotion, "but that your consent will be a blessed reality."

"But what shall I say to Mr. Harvey, children?"

"That your daughter," came gently from Belle, "very nearly wrecked the happiness of her life by substituting wealth for love."

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHARLES G. (Washington Vt.)—Dom Pedro II, Emperor of Brazil, was born Dec. 1825, and was crowned July, 1841.

TAXIDERMIST.—You can get a good work on Taxidermy by addressing Jesse Haney & Co., Nassau street, New York.

ED. MCGOVERN (Kenlyville, Cal.)—We have never seen the story entitled "The Outcast, or Brand of Society," in book form.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—"Symbols;" "They Say;" "The Falling Leaves;" "The Headless Phantom;" "Burnt His Fingers;" "Lost in the Snow;" "Peter's Pets."

B. B.—(New Jersey)—We can not decide as to publishing any story or other article until we have read it. We are always willing to publish articles by an unknown writer, provided they have sufficient merit, and we have the room to spare.

L. B. T. (Pleasant Grove, Ala.)—You should ask the lady's consent before introducing your gentleman friend to her. It is not obligatory upon her to state the reasons why she declines the introduction, although she may be reasonably expected to do so if she desires that you shall approve her decision.

LEO.—We cannot well give an appropriate name to your dog without knowing something of his character. If he is cross call him Snap, if noble, Pomp, or he may deserve the name Snip, Bounce, Bob (this for a short tailed dog) or Grab, Lumpy, Crib, Blow, Neb, (short for Nebuchadnezzer), etc. Try to select for him a short and descriptive title.

CONSCIENCE, (Pittsburgh, Pa.)—While one should doubtless speak the truth, this does not require that the truth should always be spoken. There is a time and place for everything under the sun, and speaking the truth out of place may be as disastrous as lying. The art of silence should be cultivated as well as the art of speaking.

W. F. GROSS, (Plato, Minn.)—A right-handed person may, by long practice, learn to use the left hand with equal facility, as many have done after losing the right hand. Right or left-handedness is natural. If both hands had equal facility, there would often be hesitation which hand to use, and an instant's delay in using one or other of the hands might be attended with serious consequences.

G. ADAMSON, (Greene, N. Y.)—Gas for lighting buildings, etc., was introduced about 1804. The invention is attributed to Philippe Le Bon, a French engineer, who first procured the gas by distilling wood. His experiments were not fully successful. In 1804, an Englishman improved on Le Bon's processes and soon several buildings in Birmingham were lighted with gas. Subsequent improvements were gradually made before the use of gas became general.

P. G. TEMPLE, (Claiborne, Tenn.)—The English Sparrow has been very serviceable in cities by extirpating worms, which in some places were destroying most of the shade trees. In the country, however, much complaint is made by farmers that these birds are injurious to the grain crops. The question is yet an open one whether more good or damage is done by them. In England they are considered a nuisance, and are persecuted accordingly.

A. W. T.—Sheets of paper cut to the size of a 12mo. book are convenient for both author and compositor; foolscap is rather unwieldy. You can easily ascertain how many sheets of manuscript will make a column by counting the words of a column of the paper you wish to write for, and the number on a sheet of your manuscript. It is the work of the editor to examine and correct MS. before printing; the proof reader reads it after it is put in type. Illustrated papers usually employ regular artists.

GEORGIANA, (Urbana, Mo.)—Kissing in public is not a refined practice, although it is quite customary for ladies to salute each other in this manner. For young people of different sexes to indulge in this way in the presence of strangers is vulgar. Such endearments belong to the privacies of life, for the reason that it's nobody's business except that of the immediate parties, and one has no right to thrust his individual matters in the face of the public. Respect for the feelings of the lady will also prevent any but a boor from exposing her to embarrassment in this way.

MRS. M. FULLER (Jamestown, N. Y.)—The only way in which your boy can learn cigar making to advantage is to work under instructions with a practical cigar maker. There is no machine in successful operation which makes a complete cigar. Such have been invented, but they are expensive, and have not been brought into general use. The business at present is a very poor one, and commands very low wages. We should recommend some other trade, such as engraving, for one who had lost the use of his legs.

L. C. Y. (Warren, Wis.)—In receiving New Year's calls, greet your visitors as on any other occasion. The usual salutation on their part is: "Wish you a happy New Year," or "Compliments of the season." The proper answer is: "Thank you," or "I wish you many a one." A little pleasant conversation on any passing topic usually follows, and the guests are invited to partake of refreshments. The refreshment table may be either in the parlor or dining-room, as is most desirable. It will be proper for you to return the unpaid calls you refer to, as soon as convenient, without waiting for a second call from the parties.

STUDENT, (Plainville Mass.)—There are several theories concerning the zodiacal light. It was for a long time supposed to be a luminous ring surrounding the sun. Mr. Maxwell Hall, from observations made in 1872, concluded that it was similar in its nature to the rays issued from a comet toward the sun, which are forced backward and form the tail; that the light is generated in those regions of the earth where the sun is vertical, and, passing around the earth, it is swept back in a direct line from the sun, thus forming a train which always tends toward a point in the heavens 180° from the sun.

W. WILSON, (Williamsburg, W. Va.)—It is probable from recent scientific investigations, that contagious diseases result from the action of microscopic organisms, fungi or animalculæ, which feed upon and disorganize the living tissue. They multiply with inconceivable rapidity and may be diffused by air or water through large districts, causing destructive epidemics. As their habits and conditions of life become better known it will be easier to combat the diseases which they cause. A very interesting article bearing on this subject by Prof. Tyndall, appears in the December *Scientific Monthly*.

MINNIE, (Pikeville, N. C.)—There are several kinds of silk worms, producing respectively from one to three broods a year. Those breeding but once a year are considered the most vigorous. A temperature of from 75° to 85° is required to hatch the eggs. The feeding season is about thirty-five days and the worm lives from thirty-eight to fifty days. The worm moults or casts its skin once in six or eight days. They require a uniform temperature and regularity in feeding, which is usually done twice a day. The Southern States are not all favorable for silk culture. Wherever violent thunder-storms prevail there is likely to be great loss of worms during the moulting period.